SPLENDID LIVES SERIES

LEXANDER MACKAY

Missionary Hero of Uganda

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of
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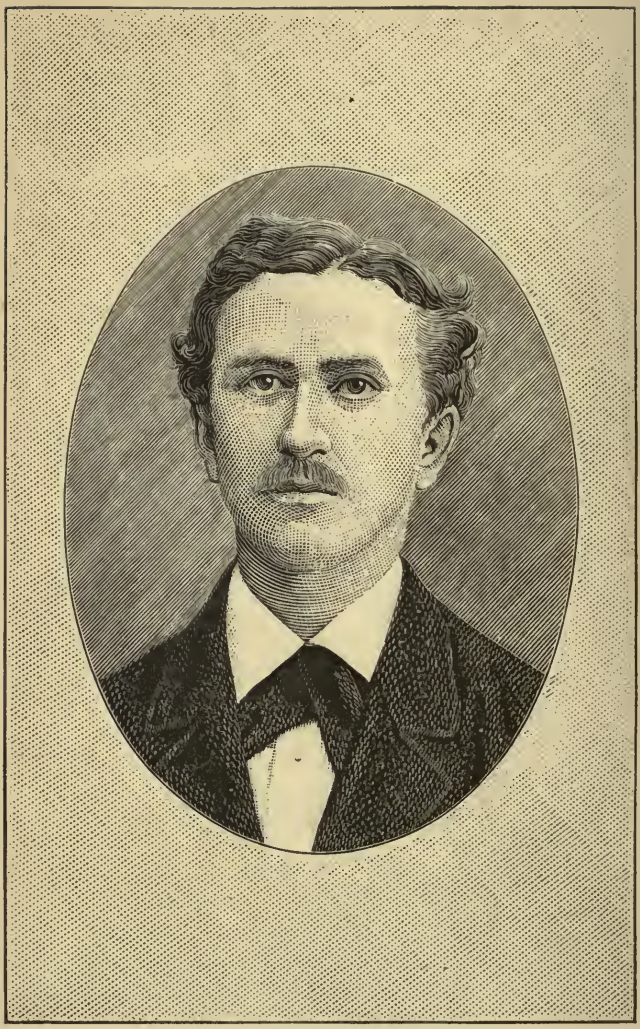

ALEXANDER M. MACKAY

Born 13th October 1849 Died 8th February 1890

ALEXANDER MACKAY

MISSIONARY HERO OF UGANDA

BY

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE STORY OF STANLEY'

TENTH THOUSAND

LONDON:
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CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

BY THE REV. T. C. WILSON (C.M.S.).

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IT was in the early part of 1876 that I made the acquaintance of A. M. Mackay, when, having offered for the mission to Uganda, I went up to London to meet those who were to be my fellow-missionaries in the 'Dark Continent.' He sailed before me to Zanzibar, but we met again there for a short time. Then I left the coast with our first caravan, and a long time was to elapse before we were to see each other again.

Two years passed; Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill had been murdered in December 1877, when in the summer of 1878, having been nearly a year alone in Uganda, I heard from Mackay that he was sending up some stores to Kagei (at the southern end of the Nyanza) in charge of a native. Mtesa allowed me to go to meet this man, and after a voyage of more than a month in native canoes, one evening a point near Kagei came in sight. The canoe-men were weary, and wanted to stop for

the night where we were; 'it was too far,' 'it was getting dark,' 'they did not know the bay.' I overcame their scruples, took a paddle and guided the canoes. It was pitch dark when we reached the place. Firing two shots (our recognised signal) to announce our arrival, we turned the canoes landwards, and as soon as they grounded on the beach I sprang ashore. I asked the first man I met if any one had come from the coast. Yes, a white man had come. In another minute I had grasped Mackay's hand; he had come himself instead of sending. We went up to his hut; he had letters for me from home, and each had much to tell the other. The hours flew by unheeded, and the cocks began to crow and the grey dawn appeared in the east before we retired to rest.

We returned together to Uganda, and I had many opportunities of seeing how his skill and tact won him friends among the natives. He soon gained great influence over Mtesa, which increased till the end of Mtesa's life; and this book tells how he used that influence for his Master's glory.

I commend this brief sketch of a noble life to English boys, and pray that God may use it to stir up some to devote their lives to carrying the message of Jesus to dark Africa.

C. T. W.

BLACKHEATH, *September* 1893.

ALEXANDER MACKAY.

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CHAPTER I.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

Birthplace—Character of his Father—Early Education—Death of his Mother—Conversion.

LEXANDER M. MACKAY was born on the 13th October 1849 in Rhynie, a small village in Aberdeenshire. His father, the Rev. Alexander Mackay, LL.D., was the Free Church minister of the parish, and a man of unusual ability. Faithful to his duties as a minister, he yet took a keen and intelligent interest in scientific questions; and included among his correspondents and friends, such eminent men as Hugh Miller, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, and others. He had a special knack for teaching young people, and found great pleasure in imparting some of his stores of learning and information to his eager, intelligent young son.

From the first, young Mackay gave proofs of great cleverness. When only three years old he could read the New Testament quite easily, and at seven he was reading the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, *Paradise Lost*, and other equally difficult works. Much of his education was carried on while walking in the open air with his father; and many a problem of Euclid was demonstrated on the dusty roads, and botanical specimens examined, to the great wonderment of the simple villagers. At an early age Mackay was unusually skilful in drawing maps, and also in working a small printing-press. Sir Roderick Murchison made him a present of a book called *Small Beginnings; or, The Way to get on:* and this book had the effect of stirring in the boy's mind desires after the accomplishment of something great.

Up to this time Mackay was more interested in books than anything else. But when he was about eleven years old, a change came over him; and he found a delight in gardening, riding, and outdoor life generally. This must have strengthened his body, and helped to drive off the evil effects which might have resulted from his former studious habits. But all through his boyhood there was an eager thirst for information, rather than fondness for play. He would walk several miles in order to have a few minutes' look at a steam-engine, and be found busy watching the smith at work, and the flying shuttles

of the mill, while his companions were enjoying themselves at play.

Some boys who read this story may think that he must have been a prig, but this is a mistake. Mackay was fond of study, it is true; but he was anything but a prig. From everything we can gather, he was bright and pleasant, as a healthy boy should be. It was simply because he found a real pleasure in acquiring information that he left his companions to play alone, while he dabbled in the joiner's shop, or picked up rudimentary engineering at the village smithy. And the companions of his boyhood who are yet alive will look back on these years, and see that he was, quite unconsciously, preparing himself for his life-work. It was as a boy in the village of Rhynie that he learned the knowledge of building, carpentering, and smith work, that was in future years of priceless value to him in the heart of Africa.

Up till he was fourteen his only teacher was his father, and his only school the Manse. But at this age his father felt himself unable longer to superintend his studies, and young Mackay was accordingly sent to the Grammar School of Aberdeen. This was in 1864. Here, we are told, he worked well at his studies, and further developed his mechanical and scientific bent, by studying photography and practical shipbuilding in his spare hours.

Like most boys who have become great men, our hero was blessed with a good mother. Her son's extraordinary talents, his eager disposition, and attractive ways made him a source of great anxiety to this good woman, and many an earnest prayer was put up on his behalf, that Alexander might be kept from the snare of the Evil One. When he had been a year in Aberdeen his mother died. He was absent from home at the time, but he was told of her earnest prayers, and her desire that he would give himself to Christ. Her dying gift to her son was what had been her husband's wedding present, a Bagster's Bible, and her earnest injunction to *search the Scriptures* that he might meet her hereafter.

It was the first great grief of his life, and the event made a deep impression on him. He said little about his feelings to any one, but it must have been about this time that he gave himself to God, and became a soldier of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER II.

CHOOSING HIS LIFE-WORK.

Removal to Edinburgh—In Germany—A Step up the ladder—A Volunteer for Madagascar—Throwing away a good chance—Stanley's appeal for Missionaries—The call to Uganda—Farewell words—Leaving Southampton.

HEN Mackay was about seventeen his family removed to Edinburgh, and in this city he enrolled as a student in the Free Church Normal College for teachers. Thanks to his thorough home-training and his application to study while in Aberdeen, he took a very high place in the entrance examination. After working hard for two years in this college, he gained his diploma easily, and was now free to pursue the particular bent of his mind.

Always of a mechanical turn, as we have seen, he now turned to the study of mechanics and engineering at Edinburgh University. Besides these subjects, he studied classics, higher mathematics, natural philosophy, and surveying and fortification.

This formed his first year's course. For the next two years he taught three hours each day in George Watson's College in the morning, in order to pay his way. His afternoons were devoted to practical engineering in a Leith firm. This seems to most of us sufficient work for one day; but such was his appetite for work that his evenings were employed in attending lectures on geology, chemistry, and other subjects. In after years he looked back on this busy time with only one regret, namely, that he had not been able to overtake twice as much. Nothing that he had ever learned was thrown away in his future life. In Uganda he found scope for exercising his knowledge on every subject that he had acquired. While in Edinburgh, his Sundays were devoted mainly to mission-work among the poor, and addressing children's meetings. In Edinburgh he formed a friendship with Dr. John Smith, who was preparing for a missionary's life, and destined to find his career and untimely grave in Central Africa.

After spending three years in this manner, he went to Germany, where he got a position as draughtsman in a leading firm. His work was chiefly drawing designs of steam-engines and all sorts of machinery. From 9 A.M. till 5 P.M. each day he was employed at this work. In the evening he worked hard at the German language, and in-

venting an agricultural machine. The results of his private study appeared in a capital translation of a book and a new machine which took first prize at an Exhibition in Breslau.

His companions were men of all nationalities, and were mostly infidels. He had to endure a great deal of persecution from them on account of his religion; and when this failed to gain him over to their side, they shocked him by their blasphemous conversation. Had it not been for his studious habits, his life would have been very lonely; as it was, he sometimes felt sorely in need of companionship and sympathy. By and by he was promoted to be chief of the locomotive department. Besides being a step up the ladder, this gave him a chance of exercising his influence on behalf of religion among the workmen—a work in which he found great pleasure.

The bright spot in his life while in Berlin, however, was his friendship with one of the ministers of the Cathedral, a genuine Christian and man of wide culture. At this gentleman's house he was always made welcome; and here he met the leading Christians of Berlin, including persons of high rank. Extracts from his diary at this period show that he was striving earnestly to follow Christ. He speaks of studying the Bible 'more than ever,' and finding it a 'mine of pure gold.' He feels strongly

that his religion must be 'a practical thing.' His friendship with Herr Hofprediger Baur and his wife became so close that they spoke of him as their 'son Mackay,' and at last he became a boarder in their home. Mackay had now thoroughly made up his mind to be a missionary. Most likely the idea had been in his mind for some years, but not until August 1874 did he intimate his decision to his family.

Shortly after arriving in Berlin, his sister had sent him a letter describing a missionary meeting which had been held in Edinburgh. At this meeting Dr Burns Thomson had pleaded the cause of Foreign Missions, and urged young men to give themselves to the work in Madagascar. His sister had little idea, probably, of the effect her letter was destined to exert on her brother's mind. This was in December 1873, and in August 1874 he wrote to her: 'I am not a doctor, and therefore cannot go as such; but I am an engineer, and propose, if the Lord will, to go as an engineering missionary.' His pet idea was to combine religion and science, and in this way to 'connect Christianity with modern civilisation.' The idea was a new one, and on that account he was prepared to encounter opposition even from friends of missions; but he had the utmost faith in his plan and its ultimate success.

After sketching out his plans, he writes: 'Do not think me mad. It is not to make money that

I believe a Christian should live. It will be a trial of all trials to part with you all to go to such a country,[1] where so many (two thousand) Christians were not very long ago put to death. . . . Christianity should teach men how to be saved for eternity, but also how to live comfortably and healthily together.' He recognises his own sinfulness, and says his first concern must be to 'get quit of it.' 'The withdrawal of my disability, and the removal of sin's stain, must precede the free use of my nature for the glory of God . . . The noblest thing a man can do is, just humbly to receive, and then go amongst others and give.'

With Mackay, to decide meant to act, and having once made up his mind for the mission field, he lost no time in preparing the way. When his father, to whom he had written asking his consent and blessing, replied, he wrote: 'I thank God, and thank you, that you have written me as you have done. When you consent, I feel doubly sure that God consents.' Impatient of the delay that had taken place since first the call had come to him, 'Who will go?' he was eager to make up for lost time by starting as soon as his way opened up. 'How can I say other than that God caused that message to come to me?' he asks. 'And if it is of God,' he continues, 'must I not say, "Here am I: send me"? . . . Perhaps God means my combating here with

[1] Mackay at this time thought of Madagascar as his field.

infidelity to be a training school for preparing me to combat with a not more powerful fiend—idolatry.'

He had written to Dr. Burns Thomson offering his services to the London Missionary Society, and in due course their reply reached him. The London Missionary Society stated, however, that Madagascar 'was not ripe for his assistance,' but 'might in time need such help as he could give.' Had Mackay been fired by a merely temporary impulse, this reply might have checked his enthusiasm. But he was strong in the belief that the way would be opened up; and accordingly he continued hard at work, studying native languages, and fitting himself for a missionary's life.

Young, healthy, and enthusiastic, it is impossible but that the adventurous life of a missionary, and the prospect of being a pioneer of science, must have fired his imagination. But from his letters written at this time, it is evident that, supreme above every other motive, his desire was to extend Christ's kingdom. 'I know,' he says, 'that it is only in so far as I attain to a high spiritual life by close fellowship with my risen Saviour, that I can be in any way fit for winning souls.' And again, 'If Christianity is worth anything, it is worth *everything*. If it calls for any degree of zeal and warmth, it will justify the *utmost* degree of these.'

In his diary he writes: 'Why is a missionary's life so often an object of my thoughts? Is it simply for

the love I bear to souls ? Then, why do I not show it more where I am ? Lord, open my mouth where I am.'

About this time an offer was made to him of partnership in a large engineering firm in Moscow. It was a splendid opening for one anxious to make a name and fortune, but Mackay had no hesitation in refusing it. His heart was set on mission-work. He had offered himself to God, and having put his hand to the plough, he was not to be turned aside by prospects of worldly wealth and fame, however tempting. Mackay had his thoughts first turned to Africa by an appeal issued by the Church Missionary Society for a lay superintendent to take charge of a settlement for liberated slaves near Mombasa. He applied for the post, but before his letter reached the committee, they had already fixed upon a man.

In 1875 Stanley sent a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* describing Uganda and its king, and calling upon Christians in England to send out missionaries to this promising field. In response to this appeal, the Church Missionary Society at once set about organising a mission; and among the first to offer their services for the work was Mackay. Meantime Dr. Duff, the famous missionary, had written to him, strongly urging him to wait for an opening in the Free Church Mission at Lake Nyassa, or the Church of Scotland Mission, as he (Dr. Duff) did not see how the Church Missionary Society

could utilise Mackay's engineering skill. Strangely enough, the same post brought a letter from the Church Missionary Society thankfully accepting his services for their Mission. Mackay took this as a clear indication that his work lay in Uganda, and at once made preparations for setting out.

This was in January 1876, and in March, Mackay was in England getting ready his outfit. Under his personal supervision he had a boat made in sections, and an engine and boiler for fitting into a boat to be used on Lake Nyanza. Besides these, he had to lay in a stock of tools, and the host of things necessary for industrial mission-work. After much hard work in London, he went to Edinburgh to see his friends, and make final arrangements. But even here, his time was spent in constant work; learning astronomy and printing, and gaining a smattering of medical knowledge. His friends were disappointed that he did not spend more time with them, but Mackay was determined to acquire everything that could be of possible use to him in Africa, and to this end he was ready to sacrifice the claims of friends, and every other consideration. You will bear in mind that all this energy and enthusiasm in learning trades and science was in order to increase his influence as a missionary of Jesus Christ, and then it will be impossible to help admiring his devotion and zeal.

The Church Missionary Society expedition to

Uganda consisted of eight men. Of these Mackay was the youngest but one. On April 23 they took leave of the Church Missionary Society committee. After they had received their instruction from the Secretary, each of the missionaries made a short speech. Mackay being the youngest was called upon last. This is what he said: 'There is one thing which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead.' The words were blunt, but every one felt that there was every chance of their proving true, and for a minute there was a solemn silence. 'But,' he added, 'what I want to say is this. When that news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place.'

They sailed from Southampton on April 27, and just before starting he wrote home. After speaking of his work and prospects, he concluded in these words: 'It is His cause—it must prosper whether I be spared to see its consummation or not. May God give me health and strength, and fit me for so glorious a work—the enlargement of the kingdom of His dear Son. Pray for me that grace may be given me to keep steadily in view the one great object.' This was his last look homewards. With single eye and steadfast purpose Mackay now turned his face to the Dark Continent.

CHAPTER III.

ON AFRICAN SOIL.

First glimpse of Africa — Arrival at Zanzibar — Up the Wami — Lieutenant Smith has Fever—Mackay's illness, and return to coast—Swamping of the *Daisy*—Chasing Slave caravans—Stricken down, and recovery—'White men's roads.'

ON Tuesday, May 2, 1876, Mackay caught his first glimpse of Africa. With strange feelings he gazed at the outline of that mighty continent which, for so many centuries, had hidden dark places full of cruelty and superstition. But as he gazed, there sprang up in his mind a vision of the Sun of Righteousness shedding light on Africa; chasing cruelty and superstition away, and making its dark places rejoice. 'Now,' he exclaims, 'for the springing up of new light in the dark land of dusky Ham! Is there any power that will elevate the degraded race? Yes, the gospel, mighty power!' And again: 'I shall, in the name and strength of God, set up my printing-press on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and I shall not cease

to toil till the story of the Cross of Christ be printed in the language of Karague and Uganda, and every man be taught to read it, and believe it too!'

They arrived at Zanzibar on the 29th May after a prosperous voyage, without any incident worthy of notice. As you boys are aware, Zanzibar is a large and busy island off the east coast of Africa. Here travellers bound for the interior make up their caravans, hire pagazis,[1] and lay in stores of food and articles for bartering with the native chiefs whom they may come across. To lessen the trouble of the journey, it was intended to sail up the Wami River as far as the Usagara Hills; and on 12th June, Mackay and Lieutenant Smith started in the *Daisy* on a voyage of exploration, for the purpose of finding out if the river was navigable.

From the beginning of their journey it was evident that they must give up all thought of sailing up the Wami with their caravan. The river was fearfully winding, and after eight days' sailing they had only travelled about seventy miles. Besides this, the chiefs dwelling on the banks were hostile and greedy; and to crown all, they found that the river was falling at the rate of two inches per day. Some idea of how much the river winds may be had, when we are told that five days' sailing was only equal to two days' walking. The weather was very

[1] Porters.

hot, and this, combined with poisonous smells from the banks of the river, had a most depressing effect upon them. Lieutenant Smith had fever three times, and was so weakened by the attacks that he was quite laid up. Fortunately, Mackay enjoyed good health, and upon him fell all the trouble of making their way back to Zanzibar.

Their first real misfortune was at Sadani, off Zanzibar; for here their boat was swamped. Happily they escaped with their lives, and by good luck they managed to rescue most of their cargo. After getting Lieutenant Smith to bed in the house of a friendly chief, Mackay chartered a dhow[1] and started for Zanzibar, where he arrived six hours later. During his absence, O'Neill, one of the missionaries, had been down with fever, but the rest were all well. After refreshment and a few hours' rest, Mackay and Robertson went back to bring Lieutenant Smith and their boat, the *Daisy*, to Zanzibar. It was night when they drew near the shore, and they were unable to make out where they were. Leaving their boat, they found themselves on a long, flat, muddy coast. The tide was going out rapidly, and in a short time they found that they had lost their boat and their way. Knee deep in mud, and in darkness, they struggled to the mainland, where they found a boy sleeping by a fire, and from him they learned that Sadani was twelve miles off!

[1] Arab boat.

It was hopeless to attempt to proceed further that night, so they sat by the fire till morning. Next day they found their boat and got back to their ship. They reached Sadani safely, and brought Lieutenant Smith and the *Daisy* back to Zanzibar.

They were loath to give up the idea of travelling by water part of their journey, and in a few days Mackay, with two companions, started to explore the Kingani River. To their disappointment they found it worse for navigation and more winding than the Wami; and after travelling about 160 miles in three weeks, they turned back, convinced that the expedition must proceed by road. The expedition was split up into four caravans, each in charge of a leader. Mackay himself took charge of the third.

After they were fairly under way, everything went well until reaching Ugogo. Here Mackay was taken so seriously ill that it was decided to send him back to the coast. Dr. Smith, his old Edinburgh friend, wished to accompany him, but Mackay would not consent to this arrangement. It was an unselfish determination, for he would certainly have enjoyed Dr. Smith's society on his weary journey back. But it was simply consistent with the position he took up from the beginning. The *work* was what occupied his mind, and for its success he was ready to sacrifice every personal consideration.

It must have been a great disappointment to be

compelled to go back at such an early stage of the journey. But with rare self-sacrifice, he would not take from the work another of its workers; and so good-byes were said, and the friends parted company. They parted with hopes of meeting again, but the meeting never took place on earth, for Dr. Smith had fallen a victim to African fevers before Mackay again joined the party.

Mackay himself was assailed by the persistent enemy of the white man, but, happily, the illness proved less serious than was anticipated; and before he reached Sadani, he had quite recovered.

Meantime he had received instructions from the Church Missionary Society to delay his journey until the end of the rainy season. To prevent the time hanging heavily on his hands, he occupied himself in making up a relief caravan to send to the advance party; cutting a road 230 miles inland, and chasing slave-dealers whose caravans were constantly passing.

Notwithstanding the vexatious delays and his serious illness, he was as enthusiastic as ever. Some one had written from home telling him that a friend had been expecting to hear that he regretted having adopted a missionary's life. To which his reply was, 'I am sorry S—— should think I entertain regrets at coming out here. Why, I would not exchange my position for a thousand times the value of his. It is true that I have much secular

MTESA, KING OF UGANDA.—*See p. 50.*

(*From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley.*)

work to do yet before I get settled down in Uganda, and probably shall have much more after; but it is all for the one end, which my heart's desire is to see accomplished.'

While living at Sadani, he and a Swiss gentleman had some exciting chases after slave caravans. In one instance, he was enabled to set the slaves free. There was some brisk fighting between his party and the Arab slave-dealers on several occasions. After a time, however, Mackay made up his mind to do no more in the way of trying to stop the traffic. The chief and people of Sadani were rather in favour of the slave trade than against it; and Mackay found that his attitude on the question brought him into awkward relations with them.

March was a bad time with him, for during the month he had several attacks of the dreaded Mukunguru fever. Owing to the careful, kind nursing of M. Broyon, the Swiss gentleman to whom we have already referred, Mackay got safely over the first attack. Afterwards he was brought to Zanzibar; and carefully attended to by the Church Missionary Society agents. By 10th April he was quite well again, and hard at work cutting the road to Mpwapwa. The work was very hard, and our hero had been obliged to 'rough it' in true pioneer fashion. 'I have,' he says, 'slept in all sorts of places: a cow-byre, a sheep-cote, a straw hut not larger than a dog-

kennel, and often in no house at all. Anything suits me, provided I get a spot tolerably clear of ants and mosquitoes.'

In a month he had cleared a splendid waggon road fifty miles long, through 'dense and thorny jungles' which offered resistance 'peculiar to themselves.' 'Imagine a forest of lofty slender trees with a cop between of thorny creepers, so dense below that a cat could scarcely creep along, and branched and intertwined above, like green, unravelled hemp.' Native caravans were in the habit of coming the same road, but although the spiky bushes tore their flesh, and dragged the bundles from the pagazis' heads, not a hand was raised to cut down a branch or clear the way. The 'white men's roads' were a constant source of wonder and astonishment. Mackay's working gang consisted of about forty men, and these, armed with the best quality of axes, saws, picks, spades, and tools of all kinds, hewed their way through every obstacle.

Like the great traveller Stanley, Mackay had some gift of palavering with the chiefs, and every one whom he had met had made him their 'brother.' When this operation of brotherhood had been performed, the traveller was free from many annoyances, and at liberty to pass through countries unmolested, through which without this bond it would have been needful for him to fight his way.

CHAPTER IV.

DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES.

A Terrible Disaster—On the march to the Victoria Nyanza—Attacked by Robbers—Fever again—Said Bin Salim.

HILE Mackay and his men were hewing and cutting their way through to Mpwapwa, a terrible disaster had overtaken the advance party. Mr. O'Neill and Rev. C. T. Wilson had reached the Nyanza on 31st January 1877, and Lieutenant and Dr. Smith three months later. Dr. Smith died of dysentery shortly after. In July, Lieutenant Smith and Mr. Wilson went on to Uganda to see how matters stood. The former returned in August to Ukerewe, leaving Mr. Wilson in Uganda. Early in December of that same year, Smith and O'Neill prepared to leave the southern end of the Nyanza, with all their men and goods, to rejoin Mr. Wilson, and wrote to Mackay on the 5th from Kagei, saying that they were just setting out for Uganda.

While at Ukerewe the king made an attack upon Songoro, an Arab slave-dealer, who thereupon ran for protection to Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill.

On their refusing to give up the fugitive, the king attacked the missionaries with a large force and slaughtered the whole party.

Mackay's grief on hearing of the disaster was very great. But he had not expected Africa to be won for Christ without loss of life, as his farewell speech in London showed; and even now when the news reached him of the death of his two brethren, his prayer was that God would send more men. Not a fear entered his mind as to his own safety, not once a wish to turn back. His only regret was the delay to the work which must be the consequence. 'But God has other hands in reserve,' he writes, 'whom He will bring to the front fast and unexpectedly, and the work will proceed whether we break down or not.'

His great desire now was to hurry forward as fast as possible in order to prevent further bloodshed. The march to the Lake was difficult, and beset with many hardships. Besides the natural difficulties which the road presented, they were in constant fear of attacks by robbers who infested some districts. Mackay's plan was to keep his men marching close together carrying their bales, he himself bringing up the rear. While this order was adhered to, the robbers did not venture to attack them. But on a certain evening one of the carriers fell behind, and shortly afterwards Mackay heard him cry for help. Turning back, he found that a gang of robbers had attacked the carrier

with clubs, stolen his bale, and vanished in the bush. Unfortunately, the bale contained provisions which they could ill spare, and their only supply of quinine.

Here I must explain that for the terrible fevers of Africa, quinine is the only remedy; and it is hopeless to attempt African travelling without a good supply of this medicine. In order to ward off fever, Mackay took a daily dose; but now that the bale containing it was stolen, that was impossible.

Fortunately, he met an Arab caravan going east, the leader of which was most hospitable. After entertaining him to a sumptuous dinner, he gave Mackay a present of candles and matches—articles which had been carried off in the stolen bale. Mackay sent a message by his hand to his companions at Mpwapwa, asking them to forward a messenger with supplies of quinine as soon as possible.

Passing through Ugogo he experienced much the same treatment as Stanley had met with on his famous march to find Livingstone. Some years had elapsed since then, but the character of the people had not altered. They were rude, insolent, suspicious; and greedy beyond measure.

Unwilling to delay his journey for the return of the messenger with quinine, Mackay was now marching in easy stages. But at the end of a

fortnight he felt fever symptoms gradually creeping on, and at last he was unable to proceed further, owing to weakness and shivering. Once more Providence seemed to befriend him, for, just when he was ready to give up, the messenger arrived from Mpwapwa bringing supplies and the much longed-for quinine. After a few doses the fever symptoms left him, and next day he was able to take the road once more.

The prospect at this time, however, was anything but cheering. Much of the country was flooded with water, and for hours at a time he had to wade up to the middle. His sleeping accommodation at nights was of the most wretched description; and since their bale of provisions was stolen, they had been on half supply of rations. Of the companions with whom he had started, just eighteen months before, one had died from the deadly climate, two had been sent home invalided, and two had but lately been killed. Only great courage, resolute will, and unbounded energy could have enabled him to face the hardships of the road, and only firm faith in God, and burning zeal for Christ's gospel, could have kept his heart from sinking in despair.

At Uyui, Mackay met Said Bin Salim, who had entertained Stanley in royal fashion at Unyanyembe in 1871. The Arabs had driven this old man from Unyanyembe where he was Governor, for

having purchased and set free two hundred slaves. He was now an exile and poor, for he had been driven off empty-handed, glad even to escape with his life. He gave Mackay a kind welcome, and showed him such hospitality as was in his power during the few days that he remained at Uyui. The Arabs were angry with Mackay for staying with the man whom they hated so much, and did everything they could to annoy him. They refused to sell cloth, coffee, or any of the articles necessary for travel, hoping in this way to prevent him from proceeding on his journey. Besides annoyances of this kind, they plundered the stores which Mackay had left in Said Bin Salim's house, and urged the chief of Uyui to drive him out of his village. He appealed to the new Governor of Unyanyembe for redress, but without avail. Had it not been for the kindness of an Arab sheik, whom he fortunately met at this time, Mackay would have been in a bad way.

These continual deliverances when in extremity were accepted by Mackay as proof that God was watching over him; strengthened his faith and nerved his heart when he would otherwise have been discouraged.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT TO LKONGE.

Left alone—Arrival at Kagei—Spoilt stores—A Message from Lkonge—Details of the massacre—'Blood brothers.'

FOR some months Mackay had been journeying with a Mr. Tytherleigh, who had been sent out by the Church Missionary Society after the original company had left. His companionship had strengthened Mackay greatly, and the hardships they had undergone in company had endeared them to each other.

Tytherleigh had been left with the goods for Uganda, while Mackay pushed on to Unyanyembe. A party of porters was now made up to meet him, and carry the goods; but just before they started, Mackay got word of his death. It was a great blow to Mackay. One after another of his companions had been taken from him, and now he was left alone. But Mackay never once doubted that God had called him to a great work; and every trial that over-

took the party, every privation that he had to undergo, made him set his face more steadfastly towards Uganda.

On June 4, after lamenting the death of Tytherleigh, he writes: 'I hope to be in Kagei in a few days. I am going (*D.V.*) to the island of Ukerewe, to see the king who murdered Lieutenant Smith and O'Neill.'

Surely you boys have never read anything more heroic than this in the tales of adventure and daring which you delight in! And surely the gospel must be a wonderful message, when a young fellow would thus put himself in the hands of a bloodthirsty savage in order to make it known!

In spite of delays, Mackay was gradually drawing near his journey's end. Every day brought him a few miles nearer to the Nyanza, and on the 13th June he arrived at Kagei, and caught his first glimpse of the famous lake. His socks were in tatters, and his feet blistered with travelling; and it was with a thankful heart that he entered Kagei, and realised that the worst part of his weary journeying was over.

At Kagei, valuable stores belonging to the Church Missionary Society had been left in charge of some natives. Mackay found to his annoyance that they had stolen everything of most value, and spoilt what they had left. The *Daisy* was lying on the

beach covered with grass, and terribly warped by the sun. Armies of white ants had played sad havoc with its boards, and the machinery, tools, and valuable implements were hopelessly destroyed by rust. In a tent he found what remained of the stores, in a terrible state of confusion. 'Piled in heaps, promiscuously, lay boiler shells and books, cowrie shells and candle moulds, papers and piston rods, steam pipes and stationery, printers' types and tent poles, carbolic acid, cartridges, and chloroform, saws and garden seeds, travelling trunks and toys, tins of bacon and bags of clothes, pumps and ploughs, portable forges and boiler fittings—here a cylinder, there its sole plate; here a crank shaft, there an eccentric.'

Mackay was filled with something approaching despair when he looked on this mass of confusion. But after two days' rest he set himself to the task of arranging it, and after ten days' hard work 'from dawn to dusk' he had reduced the higgledy-piggledy mass to something like order. When he saw how much was left of the splendid outfit with which they had started, he was amazed to find that it could have been brought so far, under the trying difficulties of the road.

His next job was to tackle the *Daisy*, but he found that its best days were over. Hippopotami had crunched its boards with their teeth, ants had

HIPPOPOTAMI ON AN AFRICAN RIVER.

riddled it with holes, and the sun's rays had blistered and split it to an almost hopeless extent. But it was necessary that it should be repaired if he hoped to reach Uganda; and Mackay set up his rotary grindstone, and, with scores of wondering natives looking on, he patched its sides with plates of copper, caulked its seams, and with nails and screws at last restored it to something like a seaworthy condition.

Meantime he had sent word to the King of Ukerewe, Lkonge, asking an interview, and stating that he had not come on an errand of vengeance, but of brotherhood and peace. The chief and natives of Kagei were strongly opposed to him going to visit King Lkonge, and were firm in the belief that if he persisted in going, he would never return alive. But, strong in the belief that God would protect him, Mackay determined to go whenever the king should send for him.

After waiting for about a week, there arrived from the king a canoe bearing his prime minister. He brought a message from Lkonge begging Mackay to visit him, and assuring him that no harm would befall him. Mackay had made up his mind to leave his rifle and arms behind him, in order to dispel the notion that he had come to seek vengeance. To test their good faith, however, he demanded that three of the crew of the canoe should be left at Kagei as hostages. After some hesitation, this arrangement

was agreed to; but Mackay was now convinced that they meant no harm. Accordingly, he told them that he would not demand the pledge, but would return with them all to Ukerewe. Some of his men were very anxious to accompany him, to protect him in case of treachery; but to this he would not consent. Taking one man as interpreter, he started for Ukerewe.

Two days' sailing brought them to their journey's

A CANOE ARRIVED FROM THE KING.

end; and, after resting awhile, he had an interview with King Lkonge. Lkonge was seated in state in his *baraza*—an open hut. His throne was a large wooden stool, with a flat bottom, and one leg in the middle supporting the seat. Ranged round the throne, and squatted on the ground, were a number of men composing his court. Every new-comer knelt before the king with folded hands, and gravely saluted. The king walked a few steps to meet

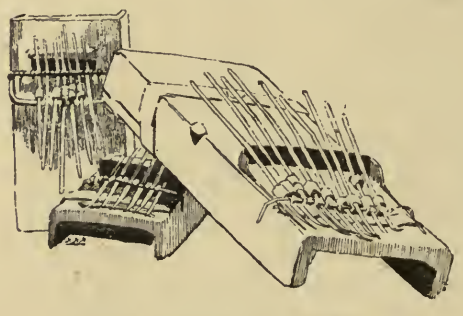
Mackay, and shook hands with him, after which act of condescension he reseated himself on his throne with great dignity. Probably he felt himself more than usually grand, as he had on an English shooting suit, which must have belonged to one of the mission party. On his head he wore a large red handkerchief, and round his neck were hung two rows of large beads. Numerous brass and iron rings ornamented his legs and arms, and these completed his royal outfit.

The first interview was merely to serve as an introduction, and lasted only a short time. Next day the king came to see Mackay, attended by his chief men. Seated on a stool which one of his attendants brought, the king began to tell him his version of the massacre. He protested that he had no grudge against Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill, but only against Songoro, who had dealt treacherously with him, and owed him a debt. He even declared that he had given instructions not to harm them, and only when they used their arms against his warriors, had they been attacked.

After hearing all this, Mackay began by stating that he had come on a message of peace, as the king could see by his having brought neither men nor firearms. At the same time, he told him that he came from one of the mightiest sovereigns in the world, whose subjects and soldiers were more numer-

ous than could be counted. He had come from England, not to fight King Lkonge, but to teach him and his people the 'wonderful things that white men knew,' and especially about the great God.

The king found it hard to believe that Queen Victoria was greater than himself, and laughed at the idea; but Mackay assured him that it was a fact. On the whole, the king was very friendly; and when



NATIVE INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

Mackay asked if he was willing to allow a white man to live with his people, and teach them to read God's book, Lkonge said he was quite willing, but his people were afraid of white men. Mackay laughed at the idea of a powerful king like Lkonge being afraid of two or three Englishmen; and at last got permission for one or two to live at Ukerewe. 'But you must not bring many,' the king added, and thus the interview closed.

After staying a few days and talking with the king on many matters, Mackay told him that he must now leave. The king would not hear of him leaving without first making 'blood brotherhood' with him; and as Mackay knew how valuable this bond was, he at once consented to become a brother of the black monarch. Accordingly, on a fixed day he went to the *bazara*, where the king was seated. A great crowd of natives were gathered round about, and in the midst of them a goat. Rising from his throne, the king took hold of the goat's fore legs, and Mackay took hold of the hind ones. After one man had explained that the ceremony meant a seal of friendship, the executioner cut the goat in two with a sharp knife. This being done, all the natives lifted up their hands towards heaven and uttered wild yells, and this finished the ceremony. Mackay and King Lkonge were now blood brothers and fast friends for life. His departure was made the occasion for further demonstrations of friendship and goodwill. After the last good-bye was said, Mackay set sail for Kagei, where he arrived safely, having been absent nine days.

The natives and his followers had given him up as lost; and when his boat touched the shore, they danced and shouted for joy at his return. Unfortunately, they acted as too many people in Britain do when in a state of excitement; they drank large

quantities of beer; and when night came on, many of them were intoxicated, much to Mackay's distress. Over and over again, in his journals, Mackay says that drink is the curse of Africa. So much did he see of the evils of drink in Africa, that he became a teetotaler shortly after starting on his journey. In strong language, he insists that if we hope to civilise Africa, the members of expeditions must be total abstainers, and use their utmost endeavours to banish strong drink from the country.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL AT UGANDA.

Repairing the *Daisy*—The Start—Wrecked—Interview with Mtesa—'Jack of all Trades'—Arab jealousy—New-comers—Treachery—Mtesa's illness.

MACKAY now began in earnest to prepare for setting out to Uganda. I have in a former part explained the work he had in fitting up the *Daisy*, and making it seaworthy; but it was not until he returned from Ukerewe that the bulk of the work was done. The hard labour and constant exposure to the burning sun brought on a fever, followed by diarrhœa. The usual cures were of no avail; but at last he tried a native remedy, with the result that he was at work again after a few days. Much of the repairs had to be done over again, for during his illness the boat was lying on the beach, and the sun had made fresh rents in her planks.

When at last it was ready for sea, terrible storms of

thunder and lightning came on, and prevented them from making a start. But at length, on 25th August, the storms being over, and everything in readiness, Mackay, joined by Mr. Wilson, was favoured with a good breeze, and set sail for Uganda.

The Victoria Nyanza is a noble lake, but Mackay says it is like the Sea of Galilee in the treacherousness of its storms. The boat may be flying along merrily, when suddenly, and without any change in the barometer, a storm will sweep down on the lake, lashing its waters into fury. The *Daisy* went beautifully for four days, and it seemed as if they would soon reach their destination. On the fifth day, however, one of those terrible storms came on, striking terror into the hearts of Mackay's crew. Refusing to give any assistance, they crouched in fear in a corner of the boat, and Mackay was forced to let her drift ashore. Terrific waves were breaking over her from time to time; and when at last she stranded on the beach, the *Daisy* was all but a wreck.

With much difficulty they managed to land most of their cargo, and spread it out to dry. The natives of the district came prowling round, and casting envious eyes upon their stores. To remove the temptation, Mackay got a hut erected, of spars and sails taken from the *Daisy*, and into this they dragged their cargo.

After changing his wet clothes, and partaking of refreshment, Mackay at once set about constructing a new boat out of the wreck. It took eight weeks of hard work, but at last they were able to launch the new *Daisy*—much reduced in size—on the waters of the Nyanza.

While rebuilding the boat, Mackay discovered from an old newspaper that Stanley had been wrecked on this very spot, on his march across Africa. Stanley's kind treatment of the natives secured for Mackay no small friendship, and he says, 'Wherever I find myself in Stanley's track, . . . I find his treatment of the natives has been such as to win from them the highest respect for the face of a white man.'

On the 1st November they sighted Uganda, and on the 6th they reached Rubaga—the capital. King Mtesa was ill and unable to see them, but he sent his welcome, and a gift of two fat goats. Two days later the king sent for him, and on the 8th November Mackay had his first interview with the African monarch about whom so much interest had gathered, and on whose invitation, through Stanley, the Church Missionary party had come. Mackay thus describes his introduction to the King of Uganda, according to Stanley, 'the most striking figure in equatorial Africa:'—

'Messenger after messenger came running like

madmen to hurry us on, but I was determined not to give way to the frantic behaviour of these excited couriers, and kept a steady step. At last we entered on the grand esplanade running east and west along the top of the hill, and terminating in the palace at the west end, where the law of fashion seems to hold good all the world over. The gates were opened, the grand guard presented arms, and we passed along through the double row of guards into a large hall densely lined with retainers. At the far end was a door through which we were ushered into the presence of the king. Here he was seated on a mat, dressed in a long white robe, and long black coat, richly embroidered with gold braid. He bowed politely, and stools were brought for us to sit on, while some Turkish dressed attendants squatted on the ground. An old woman sat a little way off, and watched us intently. For ten minutes we eyed each other in dead silence, when a little talk began. Our gifts were presented, and the musical box struck up the fine air, "The heavens are telling," from Haydn's "Creation."' Owing to the king feeling unwell, the interview lasted only a short time; but in the evening a present arrived from the palace, of ten cattle, and loads of tobacco, coffee, and honey.'

For some time after his arrival in Uganda, things went very smoothly with Mackay. The king appeared very anxious to hear more about the Christian religion

to which Stanley had introduced him, and many a long conversation was held between Mtesa and Mackay on God, the Bible, and way of salvation through Jesus Christ. Every Sunday religious services were held at court, and the day observed as a Christian Sabbath.

The chief secret of Mackay's influence lay in his mechanical skill, for which they had great admiration, not unmixed with fear. All kinds of iron implements were brought to him to repair; and when they saw him burnishing metal until it shone, their astonishment and admiration knew no bounds. Much of his skill they put down to witchcraft; and when he had done anything more than usually surprising, they cried, 'Mackay is truly the great spirit.' But this very belief in his power was sometimes rather awkward. If they asked him to do something beyond his power, and he explained his inability, they would not believe him, but thought it was because he *would* not.

Every scrap of knowledge that ever he had acquired came in handy, and Mackay was at this time, literally, 'Jack of all trades.' One day he would be called upon to cure some one who was sick; another day, to perform a surgical operation, and so on. In every difficulty they came to him expecting help, and were angry if it was not given. Mackay was also his own tailor, bootmaker, and general out-

fitter; and in his spare hours he worked hard at translating the Bible and religious books, into the language of Uganda. Mackay had persuaded the king to abolish slavery, and for some time he believed the slave trade was entirely suppressed.

Meantime he was busy initiating the king into the mysteries of railways, astronomy, electricity, and physiology. His magic lantern was a never-failing source of amusement to the people; and Mackay used the influence gained by his knowledge of the wonderful things they so much delighted in, to speak to them from time to time about sin, and Jesus Christ the Saviour of men. On Sundays he invited questions on the passages from the Bible which he read to them, and in this part of the religious exercises Mtesa and his people displayed great interest. The king professed great admiration for the character of Jesus, and asked his people if they had ever heard of any one like Him.

The Arabs were jealous of Mackay from the first, and greatly enraged at his influence with the king. In every way they tried to poison Mtesa's mind against the missionaries, and said that they meant to take his country from him. Mtesa was not altogether free from suspicions; but he was so anxious to learn the arts which only the white men could teach, that he continued to befriend Mackay. By and by news came that two parties of missionaries were

coming to aid in the work, one of them coming by the Nile. Mtesa was jealous of the Egyptians having designs on his country, and the Arabs took the opportunity of persuading him that the white men who were coming were sent by General Gordon to spy the land. Mackay tried hard to show the king that what the Arabs said was false; but in spite of all he could say, Mtesa was of opinion that they had been sent by Queen Victoria to look for lakes that they might 'put ships and guns on them.'

The new-comers arrived on 14th February 1879, and were immediately taken before the king and court. The rich presents that they brought fairly took Mtesa's heart by storm; and, for the time, made him exceedingly friendly with the white men. Unfortunately, almost immediately after their arrival, two French Roman Catholic missionaries arrived at Uganda. From this time trouble began for Mackay and his friends. After having an interview with the priests, and asking them about their religion, Mtesa had a conference at which they and Mackay were present. He then called upon Mackay to explain the difference between his religion and the religion of the Frenchmen. This he tried to do in as kind a manner as possible, to avoid giving offence; but the priests would say nothing in reply except at one point, when one of them called Mackay a liar.

Mtesa could not understand how they both believed in God and Christ, and yet each said that the religion of the other was wrong. He said it was evident that every white man had a different religion, but as for him he could not adopt a new religion every time a white man came. It was clear that endless confusion would arise, and the work would be seriously hindered if the Roman Catholic missionaries persisted in remaining in Uganda. Accordingly, Mackay asked Mtesa to send them away, but to this he would not consent. Mackay then told him that unless the Frenchmen were sent away, he and his friends would leave Uganda for some other place, where they would be welcomed. Even this resolution did not move the king; but he assured Mackay that he would not allow the priests to teach his people religion, if he and his friends would remain.

Soon after this, several events happened which led Mackay to believe that Mtesa was dealing treacherously with him and his party. Promises that he had made were broken without explanation, and, in spite of his denials, they knew that the slave trade was revived in full force. The French priests were bitterly hostile to them, and tried in many ways to make the place too hot for them. On one occasion they made a boy prisoner whom they had sent on a polite message, and, when Mackay and his friends

went to demand of them to give him up, they were met by a band of armed natives, who threatened to kill them. To add to their discomfort, an Egyptian soldier told them that there was a conspiracy among the chiefs and soldiers to murder them.

Mackay and his friends had at this time made up their mind to leave Uganda, at least for a time. Afterwards, however, they decided to try to gain the king's confidence by remaining, and showing that they sought his good. They were encouraged by the arrival in April of two additional comrades from the Church Missionary Society. The Sunday services at court had been stopped, and the king no longer held religious discussions; but the missionaries used every opportunity of speaking about Jesus to the chiefs and people who came about them.

Hearing that the king was very ill, Mackay and one of his friends called at the palace, and were granted an audience. They found him troubled in his mind about death and the future state. Mtesa asked all sorts of questions about the resurrection, the kind of bodies the dead would rise with, what clothes they should wear, and what their occupations would be. He was quite willing to have the Bible read to him, and Mackay really thought that his heart was touched. Suddenly he demanded if Mackay knew that General Gordon had planted a new Egyptian station in his territory. He declared

angrily that they were just like rats nibbling at his territory, and by and by they would have it all. To this Mackay replied that he and his friends were not responsible for General Gordon's acts. Gordon, although an Englishman, was a servant of the King of Egypt, while they were subjects of Mtesa.

It was not until two of Mackay's companions had gone back to England that the king's friendliness to him returned. After this Sunday services were resumed, and once more Mackay was engaged in the work which fired his soul.

CHAPTER VII.

KING MTESA.

Trouble with the Chiefs—Journey to Uyui—A Narrow escape—The Embassy to England—Difficulties overcome.

T this time Mackay was being put to much annoyance through the greed of Mtesa's chiefs. Every day, and many times a day, they kept coming asking some article from his stores. For a while they made a pretence of buying from him, by giving food in exchange; but on every opportunity they stole the things which they were unwilling to pay for, until the mission party found themselves destitute, and dependent on the bounty of the king for their living. Mackay resolved to go back to Uyui for supplies, and in April 1880 he set out.

It is amusing to read that Mtesa gave him a present of 5000 cowries on parting, in order that he (Mackay) might not be under the necessity of robbing any one on his journey.

They reached Kagei in safety, after which they had a journey of twenty days to Uyui. Much of the travelling was done during night, to escape the tribute demanded by greedy and powerful chiefs. In many places they could not buy food, and for some days Mackay could get nothing to eat except ground nuts. Many of the natives had never seen a white man before, and showed great curiosity about the Muzungu.[1] His boots were a source of mystery to them, and until he took them off and showed them his feet, they were convinced that boot and foot were in one piece.

On the way back to Kagei, Mackay narrowly escaped being murdered. Three of his men had quarrelled with some natives, who afterwards fired a volley into the hut behind Mackay's house where they were hiding. They ran for their lives, and their enemies after them. Mackay was down with fever at the time, but he managed to get hold of the leader, and after much palavering, persuaded him to give up his murderous intentions.

Every one in the village expected to find Mackay murdered when, after the scuffle was over, they came to his house. But, to their surprise, they found that he had not only escaped with his own life, but had managed to prevent the murder of the three youths who had caused the quarrel.

[1] White man.

He remained two and a half months at Kagei, making ready his bales for the return voyage to Uganda. Much of this time he spent in bed with repeated attacks of fever; but at last he started on his journey, and by December he had reached the capital. A further detachment of French priests had just arrived, bringing gifts for the king, of gunpowder, guns, and all sorts of firearms. From the first, Mtesa had asked Mackay for these things; but the answer invariably was that he was a messenger of peace, and could not make gifts of articles of war. In case, therefore, of Mtesa contrasting their presents of cloth with the presents of the Frenchmen, Mackay and his friends delayed going to court till next day.

The king had sent an embassy to England in care of the two missionaries who had gone home, and, happily, Mackay had copies of the *Graphic* with pictures showing their reception by Queen Victoria. Mtesa was gratified at this evidence of his importance, and spent hours looking at the pictures, and showing them to his chiefs. Next day Mackay found the king still gazing on the pictures, and determined to go to England to consult a doctor about his trouble. His chiefs were indignant at the proposal, and said, 'Why should a great monarch like Mtesa go to England? Queenie (Queen Victoria) sends only *small* men to Uganda. Speke

and Grant and Stanley were only travellers.' Mtesa's weak point was vanity, and the suggestion that it would lower his dignity turned him from his purpose to go to England.

At this time Mtesa was neither a professed Mohammedan nor a Christian. He was clever enough to see that the Christian religion, when compared with Mohammedanism, showed immense superiority; and in his heart it is probable that he felt it was the true religion. But Christianity insisted on him giving up a great many sins which were dear to him, and for this he was not prepared. He was unable to adopt Mohammedanism, because he felt it was an imposture; and *unwilling* to adopt Christianity, because it demanded him to give up his wicked slave traffic and lustful habits. He therefore determined to have neither, and with his whole people relapsed again into the dark heathenism from which they had for a short time been delivered.

In spite of this fact, he continued to be friendly with Mackay, and did not object to him preaching the gospel to such as cared to listen. But the patience of the mission party was being sorely tried by the daily evidence of the fruitlessness of their mission. The conviction was daily growing stronger in their minds that Mtesa, his chiefs and people, were using them merely to suit their selfish purposes. Mackay was such a clever mechanic, he could make

DWELLINGS OF MISSIONARIES AT NAMIREMBE, UGANDA.

anything they wanted; and Mtesa felt that it added importance to his court to have Englishmen about it.

The supplies which Mackay had brought from Uyui were a constant source of envy and covetousness. Watching every chance to rob him, they speedily plundered him of everything he had brought, and once more left him without means of support. Day after day he had to toil at his turning-lathe, like a regular workman, making things for sale, in order that he and his friends might be independent of charity.

When we remember that the mission had come by express invitation of Mtesa, who professed himself anxious to embrace Christianity, we cannot wonder that they were discouraged with the persecution and annoyance which they had to endure. But though they were 'cast down,' they were 'not dismayed.' They were unable to understand the way God was leading, but deep in their hearts was a firm faith in His wisdom and goodness. Mackay writes at this time: 'God's will be done. The cause is His, and also the issue of all our plans. May He bless our efforts and bring a speedy end to this sore and exhausting time of persecution and trial. After such a night as we have had, and still are in, we look for a happy morning.'

Mackay's chief hope was the thirst for education, which was shown by daily increasing numbers of

pupils. They were chiefly anxious to learn to read; and as their lessons were taken almost entirely from the Bible, he had hopes that in this way the good seed might take root. While he was busy working at his lathe, a number of pupils were always squatted round him reading their lessons. And although it hindered his work to be constantly interrupted, he gladly worked harder after they had gone, with the conviction in his heart that the seed sown in this way would certainly bring forth fruit in due course. And it did.

CHAPTER VIII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mtesa and the *lubare*—Slave raiding—Sore trials—Mackay down with fever—Treachery at Court—Human sacrifices.

ROM the time that Mackay arrived in Uganda, Mtesa had been suffering from some inward trouble. Mackay had given him medicines, and tried to help him in various ways; but one day he heard that the king had sent for a famous *lubare*, or sorceress, to cure him. Mackay was deeply grieved to hear this news. It was bad enough that he had given up Christianity, but to find the king going back to witchcraft, after all the teaching he had had, was extremely disheartening.

In reproving wickedness, even in high places, Mackay was bold as a Hebrew prophet. He had from time to time denounced the king for open sin, even when his companions advised him to keep silence. But Mtesa, like many another tyrant, was so used to flattery and meek obedience that he

found it something of a novelty to have a man who would speak his mind without fear. Indeed, it was this fearlessness that gave Mackay so much influence with the king. Accordingly, he determined to put before the king the wickedness of witchcraft on the first opportunity.

Shortly afterwards a conference was held at court, at which all Mtesa's great chiefs, the French priests, and Mackay and Mr. Pearson were present. Mtesa opened by asking his chiefs questions about the native gods, their powers, etc. This led on to the subject of the *lubare*. Here Mtesa asked if *lubare* or he was greater. The chiefs were ready to say whatever the king wished, and various flattering answers were given. At this point Mackay asked if Mtesa would grant permission to his people to embrace Christianity if they were disposed to do so. Mtesa pretended that he was quite willing, but there were some of his chiefs and some of the Arabs who might object. One of the Arabs here said they had no objection, so long as Mackay did not take their Koran from them. Next, the king objected that so many religions in the country would breed rebellion, and so on.

It was quite clear that Mtesa was fooling them; and when, a few minutes afterwards, he began to make his chiefs laugh by obscene talk, his depravity was made fully manifest. Previous to this Mackay

had begged of him not to have dealings with the witches, because, in the first place, they were impostors, and their pretended powers were frauds;

A FETICH.

and next, because it was grossly wicked in the sight of God. Mtesa appeared to be convinced by some of Mackay's arguments, but, notwithstanding, he

had a house built for the *lubare*, and allowed her to practise her arts on him for some time. I need hardly tell you that they were perfectly powerless to help the king in his trouble.

It was a pity that the Roman Catholic priests, instead of standing by Mackay in his denunciation of wickedness, chose rather to remain silent while he was arguing against *fetiches* and false gods, and should have so far forgotten the courtesy due to brethren of the same Christian faith, in many respects, as to denounce Mackay and his friends to the king as impostors. It is probable that Mtesa did not place much reliance upon their statements, but it gave him a good excuse for throwing all religion overboard.

Until Mtesa had met with Stanley, he had been accustomed to send bands of soldiers from time to time to ravage districts of helpless people, in search of slaves and plunder. When Mackay came, these expeditions were stopped—at least, they were not carried on openly. But now they were revived in full force, and within a few days two expeditions were sent off, armed with British guns and ammunition, and with instructions from the king—'Rob, pillage, plunder!' This sight stirred Mackay and his friends with righteous indignation. 'Our blood could not but boil,' he says, 'as we beheld the mad excitement in the whole court when these fellows

WITHIN A FEW DAYS TWO EXPEDITIONS WERE SENT OFF, WITH INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE KING—'ROB, PILLAGE, PLUNDER!'

were ordered off to murder and to plunder.' Had the object been *war*, there would have been some excuse for it; but Mackay says that it was 'avowedly to devastate and murder, and bring back the spoil, women, children, cattle, and goats.' He goes on to say the 'crime is awful. The most heartrending of Livingstone's narratives of the slave-hunts by Arabs and Portuguese on the Nyassa and Tanganyika shores dwindle into insignificance compared with the organised and unceasing slave-hunts by this "enlightened monarch and Christian king."'

You will notice that Mackay alludes to Mtesa sarcastically as 'this Christian king.' There cannot be a doubt that Stanley thought Mtesa a genuine convert. And when he besought Stanley to send out missionaries to teach him more about the Christian religion, it seemed as if a new era had indeed begun in Central Africa. 'Stamlee,' he had said to the great explorer, with the apparent simplicity of a child and the eagerness of a young Christian, 'say to the white people when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind; and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live.'

Stanley had called him the most enlightened monarch of equatorial Africa. Mackay had from the first found to his disappointment that he was

not a Christian monarch, and these pillaging, murdering expeditions seemed to prove that he was as degraded as the most ignorant African.

The prospect at this time was more disheartening than it had been before. Not only had the king openly derided Christianity and plunged into wickedness, but many of their most promising pupils had gone as volunteers in the plundering expedition. One chief, in particular, had been deeply impressed with Christian truths, and Mackay was hoping that he was near the kingdom. You can fancy how he felt when he heard that this man had been among the first to offer his services to Mtesa. Besides those who thus openly cast in their lot with the king, there were many others who were now afraid to come to the missionaries for teaching, being in dread of persecution, and fearful lest their lives would be taken. For although so far Mtesa had not begun to persecute Christians, he was bloodthirsty and reckless enough to slaughter them whenever the fancy should cross his mind. Others, contaminated by the king's example, became 'daily more hardened and hopelessly sunk in every form of vice and villainy.'

For two years Mackay and his friends had worked, early and late, teaching Mtesa and his people the arts of civilisation, and instructing them in Christian truths. They had lived in poverty, suffered hunger, and at times been in danger of their lives. But all

these things they had accepted willingly, almost joyfully, in the belief that Mtesa was an earnest seeker after truth; and in the hope that they had made it impossible for him to return to open wickedness. And now it appeared as if all their work and hardships had been unavailing, and Mtesa, with all his people, were given over wholly to the Evil One.

Under trials such as these, mere pioneers of civilisation would almost certainly have given up in despair; mere travellers would have been inclined to bring some rifle persuasion to turn them into better ways. But Mackay and his friends were more than travellers and pioneers of civilisation; they were Christians. In their darkest hours they prayed for light; in their weakness they prayed for strength. And though light was delayed, it came at last, and lightened even dark Uganda.

In January 1881 Mackay was down with fever. Threats of persecution were in the air, and in his absence Mr. Pearson went to ask Mtesa if the rumours were true. After pretending not to understand what was meant, the king replied in a bullying fashion: 'Well, if you want liberty, you must give me a daughter of the Queen to be my wife; unless you do that you shall not have liberty to teach—that is my only answer.'

After Mackay was better, they went together to

court, where a long discussion was carried on between them, Mtesa, and the Arabs. In every possible way, the Arabs had tried to poison Mtesa's mind from the beginning against the white men who were opposed to their traffic in slaves. Now that the king had cast off even the pretence of Christianity, he encouraged them to make up lying stories, about how the white men were eating up his country. To every statement made by the Arabs, Mackay had an answer showing it to be false; but Mtesa would not be convinced of the truth. He demanded to know what Mackay and his friends wanted in Uganda. When he was reminded that they had come at his invitation, he coolly told them that Queen Victoria had sent them to be *workmen*, to make cannons and firearms for him. They had refused to do this, therefore he had no use for them.

From being the chief persons at court as at first, and honoured guests, they were now put in back seats and treated with contempt. The king had revealed his true character, and it was not a pleasant spectacle. Mackay was fast losing the influence he once possessed with Mtesa; and when he asked the king to lend him canoes to go to Kagie for supplies, he was put off from time to time on various pretexts. Further evidence of the king's growing dislike was shown by Mr. Pearson being refused admission to the court.

From a new arrival, a Frenchman, they heard details of a conversation that took place in the palace between the king and some Arabs. To encourage their evil reports, the king opened the conversation by saying, 'Mackay is mad.' Thus encouraged, two fellows recited an account of Mackay's career before coming to Uganda. According to their account, he had murdered two men in England, and had to flee the country; the captain of the vessel in which he sailed was in danger of his life until he (Mackay) was landed at Zanzibar; he had committed further murders in Zanzibar, and had to flee from that place. Further, one fellow said that Mackay had given him a present on that same day, begging him not to make his evil character known.

Of course Mtesa knew that these stories were lies, but it suited his purpose to believe them, for it gave him the excuse he wanted for turning against Mackay. Mackay really thought at this time that Mtesa was plotting their death, and his desire was, if they could once get to the south end of the lake, to send Pearson back to England, not to return unless accompanied by a party of whom Mtesa would be afraid.

When fever had them in its terrible grip, their spirits sank, but with returning strength their courage revived. 'One cannot help feeling,' he says, 'a deep, inward, peaceful consciousness that though we

are absolutely shut off from every human help, yet we have protection more secure than any consul can afford, even the omnipotent arm of Jehovah.'

Yet accounts were daily reaching their ears of massacres, which proved that Mtesa was one of the most bloodthirsty ruffians in Africa. Before Stanley came, he had ordered two hundred youths to be burnt alive in one day. Two years before Mackay went, he had held a great butchery of human beings, such as the king, his father, had many of. Two thousand was the number aimed at, and at night his soldiers lay in wait to capture innocent and unsuspecting people. When the number was made up, they were all put to death in one day. Just a year before Mackay wrote, Mtesa was rebuilding his father's tomb. To celebrate this event he had another carnage of blood, and in one day two thousand persons were murdered as an offering to the departed spirit. Even when Mackay was writing, there was almost a daily batch of murders taking place. Mackay then learned that they had never really been stopped; they were merely done more quietly. Now they were done openly and without shame.

Can you wonder that Mackay felt a revulsion of feeling against this savage in whom he had placed such high hopes? Can you wonder that he should have written hopelessly of him as a pagan, a heathen out and out?

CHAPTER IX.

LABOUR AND RESULTS.

Letters from Home—Great privations—New arrivals—The plague—Rules for cleanliness—Regaining influence over Mtesa—'White man of work.'

UT off as they were from all civilisation and intercourse with white men, you can easily understand how eagerly the missionaries longed for letters and newspapers from home. And you can imagine how great was their disappointment at Christmas 1880, when the Arabs who had been entrusted with a batch of letters from the coast, came back saying they had lost them. They had been looking forward to this treat during many weary months, and the disappointment did much to cast down their spirits.

In the beginning of 1881 Mackay sent some boys to Usukuma, and, to his great joy, they returned on 14th March, bringing nearly forty letters for him, and fifteen for Mr. Pearson. This contact

with home put fresh life into them, and made them look more cheerfully on their prospects. Together they sat and read the welcome messengers as long as the daylight lasted. When the sun had gone down, they lighted their only candle and continued reading and comparing notes until far on in the night.

For weeks they had been suffering great privations. A terrible plague had broken out in the king's palace, and together with his chiefs and household Mtesa had fled from the place to the hill of Nabulagala. Mackay and Pearson had been robbed of their supplies, and were now destitute of articles with which to buy food. For days at a time they had nothing but plantains to eat; and to get even this food they had to sell all their spare clothes. Their supply of candles was all done, and no fat could be had with which to manufacture others. They had to work hard as long as daylight lasted; after which they had to sit in darkness, or go to bed. You may find it difficult to think of this as a hardship, but then you must remember that it was only at night that they had time to read, write, and converse together.

Their hearts were greatly cheered by learning from their letters that Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Stokes, two missionaries who had been sent out by the Church Missionary Society, had arrived safely at the south end of the lake, and would shortly join them in Uganda. Four days later the new

missionaries arrived, and then things began to look brighter. To begin with, they had just come from England, and had much to tell Mackay and Pearson of what had been going on at home. The fact of their being sent out proved that friends at home had not forgotten the two lonely men who had been fighting so long and bravely against fearful odds; and this fact did much to strengthen their hearts. Last of all, but not least, they had brought supplies, so that for some time the terrible pressure of want was removed. Taking all these things into account, they thanked God and took courage.

After a short stay, Mr. Stokes started again for the coast, and Mr. Pearson followed in a few days. Mackay was again left with only one companion, Mr. O'Flaherty, but he was a tower of strength in himself. He was skilful in argument, and took Mackay's place at court, where he had many a battle of words with the Arabs, who were still actively engaged in trying to bring the white men into discredit with the king. Meantime Mackay was busy teaching the natives to read, and full of hope for the future. There was an intense desire among them to learn, and so apt were they, that beginning with the alphabet they were able to read very well in two months. Sometimes they were ordered off to another part of the country when they had just begun to show signs of taking in the truths of

Scripture; but Mackay had great hopes that the texts which they had learned would sink into their hearts and bring forth fruit after many days.

As the summer came on the plague grew worse, and many deaths occurred. The king applied to Mackay for medicines; but as he did not understand the disease, Mackay refused to treat it. But he was persuaded that it sprang chiefly from their filthy habits, and from the swamps round about, where the bodies of people who were slaughtered daily were thrown after being chopped in pieces. Accordingly he drew out six rules, which O'Flaherty presented to the king. These rules insisted on those who were attacked—(1) sponging with cold water every day; (2) being put in a dry hut with a raised bed; (3) houses where infection was to be burnt to the ground with everything they contained; (4) every house in Uganda to be swept once a week, and new grass put on the floor; (5) houses where goats were kept to be swept out every day; and (6) all dead persons to be buried instead of being thrown into the swamps.

Although the general belief was that the plague was caused by an evil spirit, Mtesa was greatly impressed by Mackay's suggestions, and gave orders immediately to have some of them at least carried out. Bands of natives were set to clean and scrape the highways, under the superintendence of officers.

Every peasant was compelled to do his cleaning in front of his house, and passers-by were pressed into the service and made to help in the work. But the rules affecting their personal habits were not enforced, and Mackay had not much hope of driving off the plague until this had been done.

Besides teaching his pupils reading, writing, and arithmetic, Mackay gave them daily lessons in useful arts, such as building and designing. He also began to build a house for the mission party, and this was a constant source of wonder to all, from the king downwards. Mtesa so far recovered his friendliness that he sent all his workers in wood and iron to Mackay for instruction; and when Mackay asked a piece of ground to build huts on, he at once gave him twenty acres.

The new house had an upper storey with a stair leading up, and this novel method of ascending to the upper flat struck them as being a most wonderful invention. Up till this time wells were unknown in Uganda, and when as a result of digging they saw water gush out of the hillside, their astonishment knew no bounds. But when Mackay got hold of an old pump that had come out with his stores, and made the water flow from it, they were firmly persuaded that he was in league with spirits. Over and over again they shouted, 'Mackay is the great spirit; he is truly the great spirit.'

On one occasion he took a small lens, and with the aid of the sun's rays kindled a blazing fire. When they said that the lens was a spirit, Mackay put it in the fire and reduced it to ashes. Greatly horrified at what seemed to them a sacrilegious act, they looked at him for a minute or two, expecting to see him struck dead. Mackay seized every opportunity such as this to show them that there was only one God who had power to save them; and that their charms and various gods were powerless either to save or to destroy.

The Arabs were enraged to see that Mackay was regaining his influence. They now began to persuade Mtesa that it was no house he was building, but a fort to hold soldiers who were coming to take possession of the country. Mtesa suggested that they should send a chief under pretence of learning, but in reality to see if it was really a fort. A great chief, who had been a pupil of Mackay's, here had courage to deny what the Arabs said. Mackay, he said, was only building a house to live in. The king himself had given him permission long ago. Evidences were constantly given of a changed feeling on the part of the king and chiefs towards Mackay. He was gladly welcomed at the palace as often as he found time to go; and when one day he had been showing them how to cut glass with a glazier's diamond, they were so friendly that on leaving they all shook hands

with him. Best of all, his work of teaching was progressing most favourably, and he had hopes of shortly seeing some of his pupils come out as Christians.

All through his mechanical work,—building, turning, casting, carpentering, glazing, engrossed as he was with these crafts, and earning his bread literally by the sweat of his brow,—Mackay's burning desire was to lead the people to Christ. He grudged the time spent in these secular occupations and longed to give himself entirely to teaching and preaching. Indeed, he had serious thoughts of going home, and studying for ordination as a clergyman, in order that he might be able to baptize and administer the communion. But happily for the success of the Mission, and happily for Uganda, he was led to give up this idea of return. After studying the subject long, and with much prayer, he came to the conclusion that the sphere of working missionary was the one in which he had most influence, and to which God had called him.

The example of hard work which he set was of great value to the natives, who were naturally lazy. Here was a man who taught that work was noble, and proved that he believed it, by himself working harder than any of them. They called him Mzungu-wa-Kazi, which means 'white man of work;' for, from the time that he first came to their country, they had never seen him idle.

It was impossible that such a life of self-sacrifice could fail to touch their hearts. The Baganda were ignorant, and degraded by superstition and vice. Their whole idea of life was pleasure and self-indulgence. When first they saw Mackay toiling like a labourer day after day, and denying himself the indulgences which to their mind alone made life worth living, they were certain that he had some selfish end to serve, of conquest or appropriation. Thus it was that they received his actions with suspicion, and sneered at his religion, for they thought everything was done to blind them to his real purposes. But when the years went on, and no army of white men came to eat up their country; when they found him still rising early and working late, teaching their sons wonderful arts, giving medicine to their sick, helping them to drive off the plague from their dwellings, and all the time living in poverty and loneliness, into their darkened minds there stole a desire to know more about the religion which made the white man so different from themselves.

To Mackay's great joy, five of his pupils now expressed their desire to become Christians and be baptized.

CHAPTER X.

STRANGE TASKS.

Christmas in Uganda—Candidates for baptism—A Daring Deed—A Pest of Ants—The House built—The wonderful cart—Baptisms—Death of Mtesa's mother—Mackay becomes undertaker.

HRISTMAS of 1881 was, as far as circumstances would permit, kept in English fashion. Mackay had explained to his pupils why this day was commemorated, and had told them the English custom of giving gifts. Accordingly they all turned up early, expecting something unusual. First of all, every one got a present of four yards of calico and a hundred cowries. Then, after they were all seated, Mackay gave them a gospel talk. He told again the wonderful story of Christ's birth so long ago, and its meaning for the whole world and for them. After the address, they had a sumptuous dinner, finishing up with a plum-pudding which Mackay had tried his hand at making.

The thing that brought most joy to Mackay's heart, however, was a wonderful story he heard of the baptism under strange circumstances of a dying boy. He had been one of their pupils, but for a while they had missed him. They heard he was ill, and next that he was dead. A young man came to Mackay, telling him that when the lad was dying he asked his companion to sprinkle him with water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Previous to making this request, he had wished to see one of the missionaries, but his companion was afraid to come for them. During his illness he had read constantly the Gospel of St. Mark which had been given to him, and just before he died he charged his friend to carry it back to Mr. O'Flaherty. The incident had made a deep impression upon the messenger, and he expressed a desire to learn about the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Another pupil came with a note written by himself, asking baptism as follows: 'Bwama Mackay, Sembera has come with compliments, and to give you great news. Will you baptize him, because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?'

To the missionaries these cases brought great joy. To Mackay it was the realisation of his dearest hopes. He had been cast down many a time, and almost ready to believe that the Baganda were

beyond the reach of the gospel. But in spite of discouragements, he had gone on sowing the seed, and now he saw with thankful heart the first-fruits of the harvest.

On the 18th of March, Mr. O'Flaherty baptized their first converts, five in number, and all young men of promise. This was the beginning of the Christian Church in Uganda.

Besides the privations that you have read about in this book, Mackay and his friends were often in danger of their lives from various causes. One day he nearly stepped on a large serpent lying in his room. Another day, while sailing to Kagei, his canoe-men attacked a fleet of boats carrying fruit, and when their owners ventured to remonstrate, they threatened to run them through with their spears. Indignant at such impudent theft, Mackay jumped between the poor men who were attacked and their assailants. With great pluck he snatched a spear from the ringleader, and threatened

to spear him unless he delivered up the stolen property. The canoe-men were thorough cowards, and, alarmed by Mackay's fierce manner, they at once gave up the bundles. The owners were full of gratitude, and fell down on their knees to thank Mackay for saving their lives and property.

Like Stanley, Mackay was terribly troubled with black ants. 'Countless myriads' swarmed into his room every night, and made sleeping an impossibility. 'No plague of Egypt,' he says, 'in the days of Moses could have been worse than this pestilence of ferocious, biting ants. . . . They take so ferocious a grip of the flesh that they allow themselves to be pulled in two before they let go their hold on one's skin. When he was printing they came swarming into the room by thousands, attracted by the smell of the ink, crawling over papers, machine, types, and every bit of space in the room. One day Mackay had a sheep killed, and the tail, which is pure fat, hung up five feet from the ground. Next morning the tail had disappeared, carried off by ants. They had formed a ladder by hanging on to each other, and in this way allowed their companions to carry it off.

Mackay's house was finished early in 1882, and from all parts crowds of people came to see it. It was the first house of its kind in Uganda, and they

A TRADING CANOE.

were never tired of examining its glazed windows, its doors with hinges and locks. An oven for baking bread, a brick kiln, and a sawmill were among the other wonderful things with which he delighted their eyes during these days. But the thing that pleased them most was a wonderful cart which Mackay made, painted bright red and blue, and drawn by oxen. They could not understand how he yoked the bullocks, but most of them thought they were tied in by their tails. When he started to go a short distance, driving his new team, he was followed by an admiring crowd, yelling at the top of their voices. and dancing with childish delight.

News of Mackay's wonderful cart was carried to the king, and exaggerated descriptions given of its size and powers. Among other things it was said that the cart was uncontrollable, and had killed people. Mtesa sent a chief to inspect it, and to report. To his great delight Mackay drove him past the mission-house, and showed him how absurd were the rumours about its dangerousness. Every new piece of work that Mackay turned out was the occasion of similar demonstrations; and when they failed to understand how it was done, they fell back upon the explanation that the white man was a spirit, and did these things by witchcraft.

On 18th March the five young converts were baptized by Mr. O'Flaherty and received into the

visible Church, at the same time getting Christian names. Their new names were—

1. Mackay. 2. Edwardo.
3. Filipo. 4. Henry Wright.
5. Yakobo.

Mackay's heart thrilled with purest joy as he witnessed these lads, cradled in darkest heathenism and disgusting superstition, stand forward confessing their faith in Christ. It was a reproach to every hour of despondency and gloom, a triumphant proof of the truth of the Scriptures: 'My word shall not return unto Me void;' and, 'In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' Mackay prayed fervently for the young converts that they might be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' 'We have longed for this day,' he says; 'now that we have seen it with our eyes, may we give our Lord no rest until He give these young Christians His grace and spirit.'

His efforts on behalf of Mtesa's conversion were untiring, and many a time he pleaded with him earnestly to become a Christian.

The king's constant excuse now was that there were so many religions he did not know which was true. Mackay knew that the simple truth was that he was unwilling to give up his evil ways; and one day, after the king had been talking in this fashion, he knelt before him, saying, 'O Mtesa, my

friend, do not always repeat that excuse! When you and I stand before God at the great day of judgment, will you reply to Almighty God that you did not know what to believe, because Masudi told you one thing and Mackay told you another? No, you have the New Testament; read there for yourself. God will judge you by that. There never was any one yet who looked for the truth there, and did not find it.'

At the end of March, Mtesa's mother died of typhoid fever. She was a bigoted old heathen, and would not take any medicines from the white men, nor allow them to come near her. Mtesa was determined to bury her in great splendour, and asked Mackay how they buried royalty in his country. When he was told that they used three coffins, the king insisted on burying his mother in the same fashion. Mackay offered to make the coffins, if the king would find the material; and Mtesa instantly gave orders to provide everything necessary from the palace stores. They had no lead in the country, but all the copper pans, trays, and cooking utensils were turned out for the purpose of making a coffin.

The king was determined to have it as large as possible, and, accordingly, Mackay made the outer box twelve feet long by seven feet wide, and eight feet high. This was comparatively easy work, as

the outer coffin was of wood. But the inner coffin of copper cost him a terrible lot of work. With a large staff to assist, many of them hindering more than helping, he had a smithy built, and for days there was such a hammering, boring, punching, and riveting, as never before had been seen or heard in Uganda. It was a whole month before the work was finished, and, owing to the stupidity and laziness of the natives, the bulk of the labour fell upon Mackay. Meantime everything was at a standstill, for the royal edict had gone forth that no one could carry a load, no boat could start, nor any work be done until the queen was buried.

The copper coffin was wrapped round with thousands upon thousands of yards of unbleached calico, and the remaining space in the outside wooden box was filled up with bark cloths. The value of cloth used at this single funeral was estimated at £15,000. And all to bury a heathen old woman. But at last everything was finished and ready for the king's inspection. Mtesa expressed himself immensely pleased, and ready to pay handsomely for the work. Mackay refused to make any charge, upon which the king gave him a present of ten head of cattle, several cows, and a hundred bunches of plantains.

The Arabs and some of the chiefs were filled with jealousy at Mackay's success. Totally unable them-

selves to do any of the things that the white man did, they revenged themselves by casting discredit on the performance, by sneering at the time he had taken to do it. Mtesa, who doubtless saw through their petty jealousy, defended Mackay by asking, 'Can a woman cook plantains well if you hurry her?' and challenged them to say 'if such workmanship could be done in the country by Baganda, or if anything of the kind had ever been seen in the land?'

Their next move was to try to make Mtesa believe that Mackay had kept back some of the wood which the king had provided, in order to build his own house.

But their efforts to discredit Mackay were unsuccessful. The king's great desire had been to have a burial that would surpass anything of the kind that had ever been seen. Mackay had accomplished this result for him, and Mtesa was duly grateful.

In all Mackay's dreams of the methods by which he would insure his popularity in Uganda, there had never dawned the thought that it would be as an undertaker. Truly he had become 'all things to all men.'

CHAPTER XI.

BUILDING THE 'ELEANOR.'

Additional missionaries — O'Flaherty ill — A new boat — Strange customs—The Launch of the *Eleanor*—Mtesa's death expected—The King dies.

EARLY in 1883 the Church Missionary Society sent out two additional missionaries—the Rev. E. C. Gordon and Mr. Wise, an artisan. Mackay got word of their arrival at the south end of the lake, and a short time afterwards he learned that their goods had been brought by an Arab boat to Ntebe. He at once got porters to carry the bales to the capital, and on 24th January set out for the place.

The chief of Ntebe was very friendly, and gave him a present of a sheep and plantains. Mackay found the districts through which he passed much devastated by the plague. In their terror of this unseen enemy before whom they were so powerless, the natives sought no remedy but such as charms

could give, which was, of course, *nil.* Mackay preached in many places to crowds of people, who were amazed at the gracious gospel of Jesus, as contrasted with the religion of the Arabs.

After more than a week's absence, he returned to the capital, to find Mr. O'Flaherty ill. Left alone, he had been overcome with nervous depression, caused by worry, and had been unable to sleep. It was clear that he could not be left alone again without endangering his life, so Mackay gave up his intention of going himself to bring up Gordon and Wise.

The good work which had begun in Uganda was still going steadily on, and every day the missionaries had inquirers after the truth. One day two men came to see him; one a 'medicine man,' and the other an old sorcerer. When the 'medicine man' was extolling the virtue of his charms, the other man replied: 'I had once a lot of charms like that, but I threw my idols into the swamp; for I know now that there is but one God, *Katonda*, whom the Bazungu know.'

Testimonies such as these to the success of their work, cropping up in unexpected places, greatly cheered and encouraged them. Mackay had been thinking of returning home for a short rest, but could not bring himself to leave the young Christians, in whom he felt so deeply interested. Meantime,

however, the hard life was telling severely on him. Already his hair was grey, and his face lined with care. But his heart was as courageous, his enthusiasm as great, as when first he set foot in Africa. The mechanical work pressed very heavily upon him, and he longed for some artisan helper to relieve him. More than one had left England, but, owing to one cause and another, they had never reached Uganda, and Mackay was still working bravely alone. Strong in faith, he took disappointments such as these as being of God, as well as encouragements. 'God knows best; it is His work. His will be done.'

The Rev. R. P. Ashe arrived in May, and proved to be a man after Mackay's own heart. In mind and disposition he was entirely different; but in burning missionary zeal he was a brother soul. From the first their intercourse was of the happiest kind. Each had one great end in view—the salvation of souls. Emptied of self, there was no room for small jealousies and rivalries between them. When Mackay's labours were blessed, Ashe rejoiced; when Ashe had the privilege of receiving the converts into the visible Church, Mackay gave God thanks.

A party of missionaries who had gone up the country had brought from England the *Eleanor*, a boat cut up into sections. They had left it at the

south end of the Nyanza, and in the month of June Mackay left Ashe and O'Flaherty in charge while he went to put it together.

Mackay's canoe was frail, and the Nyanza was stormy.

Fever laid its terrible grasp upon our hero, and prostrated him for days. Food ran short, and for almost a week Mackay and his men had nothing to eat. It was a long, miserable voyage; but at last they reached Kagei, where they were met by Rev. E. C. Gordon, whose arrival we mentioned in the beginning of this chapter.

The village happened to be in mourning, owing to the death of a young man, and Mackay had an opportunity of witnessing a strange method of burial. 'The natives killed a bullock, dug a grave in the court at night, and set the corpse in a sitting posture in the centre of the hole. They then covered him over with the fresh hide of the bullock, and filled in the grave with earth, placing a stone directly on the head, which was half out of the grave.'

Their first step now was to find a place where they could build the *Eleanor*. When a suitable spot had been found, they were many miles away from Kagei, and compelled to camp by the side of a creek. Their only supper was some matama porridge, which they had to serve on a newspaper and eat with their fingers. Weary and hungry they lay down to rest,

but not to sleep. All night long hyænas howled in the reedy jungle. A fearful roaring, kept up for hours, made the travellers aware of the near presence of a lion, and mosquitoes stung their flesh, making sleep an impossibility.

Next day Mackay asked permission from the chief of Urima to build his boat in the spot selected, but was refused. Leave was given him to build his boat at the port, and on 22nd September Mackay began to put the pieces together. He was greatly aided by Mr. Wise, who was a practical tinsmith, and skilful in the use of all kinds of tools. But even with their united efforts it was a long time before they brought the little vessel into anything like shape. For months it had been lying blistering in the sun, the coverings that the missionaries had left over it having been stolen. Nuts, bolts, and screws were missing, and these had to be manufactured anew. Planks made useless by exposure had to be discarded, and new ones cut from logs which they had to bring from a distance. Meantime the chief of Urima was urging them to make haste with their work, as he feared their presence would keep rain from falling.

After many weeks of hard toil, the *Eleanor* was finished and launched on the Nyanza. On 20th December Mackay arrived in Uganda amid outward signs, at least, of rejoicing. Bonfires were lit all along

the coast, drums were beat, and crowds of natives, yelling at the top of their voices, made night hideous, and sleep for Mackay, who sorely needed it, impossible.

In the first half of the year 1884 the prospects of the Mission were most encouraging. The number of inquirers after the truth increased, and from time to time they had new converts confessing their faith openly, and being baptized. It seemed as if Mackay and his friends had weathered the storm, and were now to find their work go on uninterrupted. In the midst of their prosperity, however, one cloud of apprehension hung over them, namely, the probable death of Mtesa.

Mtesa gave no signs of a changed life, but notwithstanding this, he continued friendly to the missionaries. Unfortunately, this feeling was not shared by his chiefs. Without the intelligence of Mtesa to enable them to distinguish the false from the true, they had drunk in the Arab falsehoods concerning the white men as if they had been truth. As a consequence, they looked with hatred and suspicion upon the missionaries, and merely waited their opportunity to give practical effect to their dislike.

So long as Mtesa was alive they were kept in check by his strong arm, and compelled outwardly, at least, to respect Mackay and his brethren. But Mtesa was gradually growing more delicate, and

already there were signs in the air that his chiefs were expecting his death. A feeling, vague but disquieting, crept over the missionaries that the peace which they were enjoying was the calm that often comes before a storm. 'Our future is in God's hands alone,' Mackay writes; 'but I think we are justified in using every lawful means to help to secure protection for our Mission in case of emergency.' Fearing an attack on the mission-house, the efforts of the missionaries were directed towards organising various centres in the houses of Christians where the young church could meet and support each other, even if their teachers were killed or dispersed. Mackay was also busy fitting machinery into the *Eleanor*, making new houses for his brethren, and printing copies of the Gospels for circulation against the persecution which he felt approaching.

Meantime the king was daily growing more feeble, and on 29th October 1884 the announcement was made that he was dead.

CHAPTER XII.

KING MWANGA.

Mtesa's funeral--Mwanga chosen King—Converts put to death—The Church growing—Insecurity of the new King—Mwanga takes action—False promises.

HE news reached Mackay while he was at Lake Nyanza repairing the boat. As if to confirm his fears of the change that would happen when Mtesa died, he received word that four men whom he had sent to the capital had been stripped of their clothing, and compelled to run for their lives. This looked suspiciously like the beginning of persecution, and it was well that the boat was now in thorough repair and ready to receive his brethren should they have to flee from the capital. He waited anxiously for further tidings, but no one came to tell him how his friends fared.

Next day a hundred soldiers came from the prime minister to bring Mackay to the palace, for the purpose of making the king's coffin. Until the

dead king was buried, his successor did not really begin to reign. There was, therefore, urgent demand for the coffin to be made at once.

With ready good nature, and hoping to favourably

THE TOMB OF MTESA.

dispose the prime minister and chiefs towards him, Mackay worked so hard at his task that next day the coffin was finished. According to the late

king's wish, they buried him without pomp, after which they proceeded to elect his successor.

In the hope of retaining the real power in his own hands, the prime minister, a crafty, treacherous heathen, was in favour of electing a little boy as king. This proposal caused such discontent and threatenings of rebellion that it was abandoned, and Mwanga was chosen as king. He was a young man about seventeen years of age, Mtesa's son, and very like his father. Unfortunately, he had all his father's vices, without his virtues; all his vanity, without his intelligence. When the news of his election first reached the missionaries, they felt thankful. As a boy he had come often about the mission-house, and had promised to show them every favour when he came to the throne. When they heard further that the princess chosen to be 'maiden queen' was one of their girl converts, they thought that good times were in store for them.

Accordingly they were surprised when they made their first visit to the king, to find themselves refused admittance. Fearing to provoke him by seeking an interview immediately, Mackay went back to the lake to put the finishing touches to the boat. On his return some days after, he was informed by Mr. Ashe that some of the chiefs had accused him to the king of departing without leave. The Arabs, too, had been busy making mischief,

and said that he was off on a plundering expedition, and fortifying his boat for war. The king had given orders to have his movements watched.

In November Mackay and Ashe had an audience of Mwanga. They had taken presents in their hands to conciliate him, but, notwithstanding, they were received haughtily. He was reclining on a splendid leopard skin. A large mirror was placed in front of him, and in his hand he held a smaller one. To impress the missionaries with a sense of his importance, he declined to speak with them then, but ordered them to wait upon him in a short time. At the next reception they 'found him reclining on some rich carpets which the Arabs had given him.' He was ready to talk, but in a bullying fashion which Mackay found hard to bear.

In January 1885 Mackay got leave from Mwanga to go to Kagei with letters. The prime minister also graciously gave his consent, and presented him with two goats as food for the voyage. On the 30th, Mackay, Ashe, and two boys started to walk to the port. Just as they were entering a thick forest, a band of armed men, headed by a Mohammedan chief, sprang out on them and ordered them back. The boys were pinioned, and the missionaries' walking-sticks—their only weapons—were rudely taken away. Before they were thus attacked they had walked three hours' journey. Sick at heart

and jaded in body, they were marched back to the capital without any explanation of the assault. When they arrived near the mission-house, Mackay and Ashe were ordered to go home, but the boys were marched further on. Fearing that the boys might suffer violence, Mackay and Ashe hurried off to the katikiro (prime minister) to demand an explanation of the outrage. To their astonishment, this ruffian, who had hypocritically seemed to befriend them, now refused to hear them. Flying into a great passion, he ordered the chief who had committed the assault to drive them out of the country next day. They afterwards found out that the outrage had been arranged beforehand by the katikiro himself.

Filled with dread for the lives of the boys, they now tried to soften the hearts of the ruffians by presents. Costly gifts were sent to the king, the katikiro, and the chief who had captured them, begging the release of the boys. The presents were accepted, but the boys were not set free. Shortly afterwards the missionaries heard with horror that, together with another Christian young man, the poor lads had been burned to death. They met death bravely, and with songs of praise. 'Daily, daily sing the praises,' sang these dear lads as the flames licked their bodies and scorched their flesh. The first martyrs had laid down their lives for the faith in

Uganda. Unhappily, the event was but the beginning of a reign of terror and blood.

In order to prevent a like fate overtaking the other pupils, the missionaries persuaded them to flee to a place of safety. They were just gone, when a band of soldiers came to the mission buildings in search of more Christians to burn. Writing at this time, Mackay says, 'Our hearts are breaking. All our Christians dispersed. We are lonely and deserted, sad and sick.'

But when the first shock of horror had passed away, and they began to engage in active work again, their spirits revived. 'I believe,' Mackay writes shortly afterwards, 'that a work has been begun in Uganda which has its origin in the power of God, and which never can be uprooted by all the forces of evil.' Day after day Mackay and Ashe toiled at printing portions of Scripture for use in times of dispersion. To avoid running any unnecessary risk, they had appointed various 'centres,' with an elder over each, where the young converts could meet, and thus avoid coming to the suspected mission-house.

In days of old, when in our own country Christians were daily burnt alive, and otherwise cruelly persecuted, the number of converts seem as a consequence to have always largely increased. The old saying was illustrated which declared that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Something of

this kind now took place in Uganda. As soon as the news of the martyrdom spread abroad, there was a stimulated interest in the religion for which they had died. The number of pupils increased largely, and with death staring them in the face numbers confessed Christ and were baptized. Acting on the missionaries' advice, some avoided the mission-house during daylight; but as soon as it was dark, they came flocking to hear the Word of God.

Meantime the affairs of the country were in a very unsettled condition. The king was entirely led by the prime minister, who virtually ruled the country. (The king had assured Mackay that the lads were burned without his knowledge.) As we have seen, the prime minister was an overbearing ruffian, fond of power; and his growing influence with the king was looked upon with disfavour by many powerful chiefs. Mutterings of rebellion were heard from time to time, and Mwanga was terrified to leave his palace, lest in his absence they should elect another king. His prime minister openly robbed him of two hundred cows, yet this weak monarch was afraid to punish him. He lived in terror of his life, and all his servants were served with gunpowder in case of an attack on the palace.

Bad as matters were, Mackay knew that it was his interest to keep the king in power by any influence he had. If once the chiefs had the power,

Mackay knew that every white man would either be killed or driven out of the country. Every movement that the missionaries made was jealously watched. News reached them that the *Eleanor* had been swamped, but they were not allowed to go to the port to get her off. The accident distressed Mackay exceedingly. In the event of persecution they had looked upon their boat as an ark of safety. If it was wrecked they had no longer any means of escape when things came to the worst. Presents were sent to the katikiro, but without avail. Promises of giving permission to-morrow were made each day, but never fulfilled, and it was evident that he had no intention of letting them go.

Just at this time Mwanga shook off the weakness that characterised him, and arrested eighteen of the chiefs who were leading the rebellion. Others were deposed from office, and their goods confiscated. To Mackay and his friends the event seemed a providence. 'The king has saved himself and us by this sharp stroke. God be thanked!' The king now granted them leave to go to the port, on receiving Mackay's assurance that he did not intend going to Kagei. To their relief they found the *Eleanor* very little the worse, and after a short time Mackay was back at the capital once more.

Things were going on pretty smoothly. The katikiro professed great friendship, and offered Mackay his

daughter as wife. The king expressed himself anxious that the former good feeling which existed between the missionaries and the court should be renewed. Mackay accepted their protestations of friendship, but in his heart he put no confidence in their sincerity. On every favourable opportunity he talked with the king and his chiefs about the wickedness of their lives, and the need they had of a new heart. The king professed himself convinced, but went no further.

To the katikiro, also, Mackay spoke solemnly; warning him of the punishment awaiting his sins, unless repented of. He, too, appeared convinced, and said he did not believe in charms, and some day he would get Mackay to teach him privately about religion. But that day never came.

CHAPTER XIII.

UGANDA MARTYRS.

Bishop Hannington—Fearing the worst—Murder of the Bishop and his party—Mwanga's threats—Mackay proposes to withdraw from Uganda—Arrest of Christians—Alone once more.

HE storm of persecution which they had been vaguely expecting and dreading burst out in October 1885. News reached the king from an army raiding in Busoga that there were 'two white men there and some more behind with a great caravan.' Mackay and his friends had got word that Bishop Hannington and his party had set out from England some time before, and they at once concluded that this was the party referred to.

Now, when the Arabs had tried to persuade Mtesa that the white men meant to eat up his country, he had always replied that he would believe it when he saw them entering Uganda by his 'back door.' The 'back door' referred to was the Masai route, by which Bishop Hannington had, unfortunately,

A EUROPEAN EXPEDITION APPROACHING THE CAPITAL.

come. The news gave great concern to Mackay and Ashe, as they feared it would excite the worst suspicions of the king and chiefs, and result in bloodshed. They at once sought audience of Mwanga, but he refused to see them, and referred them to the katikiro.

Shortly afterwards they heard that the Bishop and his party were prisoners and confined in the stocks, and that the king had sent orders to kill every one. This confirmation of their worst fears greatly distressed the missionaries. The thought that their brethren were being butchered, and they powerless to help, made their position a most trying one. Mackay was unwell, but he sent Ashe with a letter to the king, stating what he had heard, and imploring him to countermand the dreadful order. Mwanga demanded Mackay to come himself if he wanted to save his friends, and, weak as he was, Mackay hurried off to the palace at once. It was a mere ruse on the part of the king to avoid discussing the subject, for he at once set out on a shooting expedition without seeing Mackay.

Sick at heart, and fearing the worst, the missionaries had no alternative but to wait quietly for the issue of events. Before starting on his journey, Mwanga had given the executioner orders to catch Christians in the capital, and they knew not but any moment might find themselves prisoners. Fearing for their young converts, they sent them all off to hide with Christian friends until they saw how events would

develop. To keep themselves from brooding over the possibility of Bishop Hannington and his party being murdered, Mackay and Ashe toiled hard at their printing-press. They were working at St. Matthew's Gospel, and as Mackay wrote out the revision, Ashe was kept busy setting it in type.

On 30th October the news that they had been dreading reached them. Bishop Hannington and his whole party had been brutally murdered. Although they had been expecting it for some time, the news of the actual deed filled them with horror and dismay To the last they had kept hoping that something would occur to prevent the carrying out of the bloody deed, but now this hope was crushed, and for the moment they were unmanned. In his Diary, Mackay thus writes of the sad event: 'Oh, night of sorrow! What an unheard-of deed of blood! God alone knows the cause, and He alone knows what the consequences will be.'

Mackay himself fully expected that he would shortly follow his brethren. 'For me,' he writes, 'the bitterness of death is past.' As if to confirm their fears for their own safety, the missionaries got word that as soon as the king knew for certain that the murdered bishop was the man whom they had been expecting, he meant to kill Mackay and Ashe, to prevent their taking vengeance.

Even now when their lives were in jeopardy, the missionaries' first thoughts were for the work of God.

Final arrangements were made for continuing the meetings of the young church in the houses of ten elders, that so the good work might not be hindered by their death. But while thus prepared to meet death as became missionaries of Jesus Christ, they were not desirous of throwing their lives away.

Acting on the advice of some Christian chiefs, and a message sent them by one of Mtesa's daughters, they made up huge and costly presents for the king and his head men. The chiefs were delighted with their presents, and vowed eternal friendship with the white men. The king, however, flew into a great passion, and demanded to know the meaning of the gifts from the lips of the missionaries themselves. He had tried to keep his plot to murder them a great secret, and the presents showed him that it had reached their ears. In response to his summons Mackay and Ashe went up to the palace, fully expecting to be put to death. But after bullying and threatening them, in attempts to make them give the names of those who had revealed his designs, he let them off with a warning that if a single native were found in the mission buildings, both of them would be immediately put to death. With strange inconsistency, he concluded this interview by ordering two cows to be given them to 'pacify their minds.'

In spite of their efforts to keep the natives from coming to visit them, many young men forced their way into the mission buildings for copies of the

Gospels. Gabunga, the young admiral of the fleet, was baptized on confession of his faith in Jesus Christ, and many others were at this time emboldened to confess Christ. Various plots were hatched against the missionaries, but from one cause and another they were always frustrated. As soon as they heard of any fresh plot to take their lives, they showed the king that they knew of it. Such was his moral cowardice, that as soon as he heard that the scheme was discovered he at once denied it, and gave them presents to prove that he liked the white men.

At other times he was insolent, and vowed to put them to death in defiance of the Queen of England and all Europe. A favourite page, who had ventured to say it was wrong to kill the bishop, was at once carried off and roasted alive. Mackay now felt that it would be a wise thing to withdraw the Mission from Uganda for a while. Unfortunately, however, it was not possible to effect an escape, so closely were they watched. Indeed, the king declared that he would not allow them to go, if seventy letters came from England for them. With cool impudence he gave as his reason, 'A great king like me should never be without a man of skill to do work for him.'

Sunday, 23rd May 1886, was a memorable day in the history of the Uganda Mission. The day was wet, and with the fear of the king hanging over

them, the missionaries did not expect many natives to attend the service. To their surprise there was a large congregation, and a man and woman were married in Christian fashion. Without being asked, Nua, one of the converts, engaged in earnest prayer, the whole congregation following him. As if some feeling of approaching disaster hung over the assembly, the service was a particularly impressive and solemn one.

Next day Mwanga gave orders to arrest all the Christians. Soldiers were sent scouring all over the place in search of converts, and many of the brightest Christians were carried off for execution. Eleven were put to death the first day, after horrible mutilation. This was, however, but the beginning of the reign of terror. Every day fresh batches of Christians, young men and boys chiefly, were first tortured and then roasted alive, and hundreds more were waiting the same fate. Filled with horror at these deeds, his heart bursting with pity for the noble young martyrs, Mackay tried by every means in his power to get the king to stop the persecution. He promised to show his people how to make cartridges; to construct a loom and spinning jenny, and to weave some cloth expressly for him. Mwanga as good as promised to release those who were not already executed; but, a few days after, thirty of the missionaries' best converts were slowly burned alive.

It moves one almost to tears to read that these black Christians prayed to God in the fire, and met death so fearlessly, and even joyfully, that the executioner said 'he had never killed such brave people before.'

The Christian community was now dispersed. Those who had escaped imprisonment and death were in hiding, and during the daytime the Mission buildings were deserted. In the darkness of night these persecuted Christians crept to the mission-house for prayer and reading of the Scriptures, and to comfort one another. Strange as it may seem, the number of converts was greater at this time than it had been before. Many powerful chiefs were among those who embraced Christianity, and every night fresh members were brought forward for baptism.

Mackay was now fully persuaded that it was the duty of the British Government to interfere. So long as it was merely the lives of the missionaries that were in danger, he was willing to take the risk; but now he says there was presented to Europe, not an appeal of the heathen for the gospel, but 'the eloquent, unremitting appeal of severed limbs and writhing bodies for help and deliverance from their persecutors.' For himself he was now anxious to get out of the country as speedily as possible, as he thought it would be the first thing to bring Mwanga to his senses. Time after time he sought permission to leave, but was refused. Had he cared to write

for new men to take his place, he believed that the prospect of them bringing presents would have induced the king to let him go. But in the disturbed state of the country he felt that to invite missionaries to Uganda was inviting them into a trap and certain death, and he shrank from this method of escape.

Failing to get permission for all of them to leave together, Mackay, with beautiful unselfishness, now asked that Mr. Ashe should be allowed to go. Mr. O'Flaherty had left eight months earlier, and before persecution had broken out. In August 1886 the king granted permission for Ashe to leave, and Mackay was thus left alone. You will find it hard to realise that any man could deliberately choose to send away his only English companion, in such a time of trial and darkness. You know how much more easily you can face danger when a companion is with you, and how difficult it is to face hardship alone. And when you remember that Mackay was in an out-of-the-way country in the very heart of Africa, cut off from intercourse with Europeans except at intervals of months; that he was entirely at the mercy of a bloodthirsty black savage, and with sufficient work on his hands to employ a dozen missionaries,—you will see that the man whose story I am telling must have been in many respects one of the bravest men that this century has produced.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOOD-BYE TO UGANDA.

Arab intrigues—The King's refusal for Mackay to leave Uganda—A Chief's testimony—Emin Pacha's Relief Expedition—Permission to leave granted—'Good-bye.'

FTER Mr. Ashe left, Mackay's position was a very trying one. From the beginning of the Mission the Arabs had, as we know, looked jealously upon him as teaching that slavery was wrong, and thus threatening to deprive them of their most lucrative trade. But besides the slave traffic, the Arabs carried on a large trade in cloth. Now that Mackay was engaged in constructing spinning looms, and teaching the natives to make cloth for themselves, their rage knew no bounds. If things went on at this rate, it was clear that they would soon lose the influence in the country which had been theirs for generations, and a profitable source of revenue would be cut off.

Mtesa was intelligent enough to see that the Arabs,

in traducing Mackay, were fighting for their own interests; and as long as he lived the missionaries' position was secure. For although he pretended occasionally to accept their evil reports in good faith, it was simply to extort more service and favours from Mackay and his friends, and to serve as an excuse for not practising the Christian doctrines which his heart persuaded him were from God.

As I have told you before, his son Mwanga had all his father's vices without his good qualities, all his cunning without his intelligence, and his blood-thirsty nature without his capacity for genuine friendship. If Mackay and Ashe had hitherto escaped his cruelty, it was simply because he feared the vengeance that Great Britain would visit upon him for their death. For the missionaries themselves or the gospel that they proclaimed, there is no reason for believing he had the smallest regard. Consequently, Mackay's life was in constant danger. He knew not the moment when Mwanga, worked up to fury by Arab misrepresentations, would abandon prudence, and, heedless of consequences, take his life. Now that Ashe had gone, the Arabs redoubled their efforts to get rid of the other white man. If he could be got out of the country without violence, well and good; if no other way was open, they were prepared to kill him.

Mackay was at this time quite willing to leave Uganda, at least for a time. He had already remained in Africa far beyond the period during which a European can live there without ruining his health. His friends in England and Scotland were writing urging him to take a holiday; and worn out as he was with the climate, hard work, and terrible anxiety, he would gladly have turned his face homewards. With ignorant perverseness, however, the king absolutely refused to let him go, although the Arabs goaded him with such evil reports of Mackay's designs, that he was at times with difficulty restrained from taking his life. He had never yet confessed to having murdered Bishop Hannington, but he knew very well that the crime was laid at his door; and it is probable that his refusal to let Mackay leave was the fear that he would send an army to punish him for the cruel deed.

Mackay felt the loss of Mr. Ashe keenly. As an antidote against the feelings of loneliness and melancholy, which his isolated position induced, he worked harder than ever. Ashe had shared in the work of printing and binding the Gospel. Mackay now endeavoured to overtake single-handed the work which both had found enough to keep them fully occupied. Exertion such as this taxed his strength severely, and it is not surprising to find him

writing, 'This work, with the packing and giving medicines to the Christians ordered off to war, and sitting up to all hours teaching housefuls, has thoroughly exhausted me. I am almost entirely broken down with fatigue and anxiety and want of sleep.' Every weakness of body and discouragement, every personal feeling were forgotten, however, when evidences cropped up from time to time that the gospel was making way into the hearts and lives of the natives. 'I was astonished,' he says, 'to hear Wakili explaining to some other chiefs that "we Europeans are striving only for the good and peace of Africa, and that our religion led us to spread ideas of mutual love and friendship among men and nations." This from a heathen is wonderful.'

The spread of Christianity was looked upon with jealousy and hostility by King Mwanga and his Arab advisers. Mackay felt sure that he was planning another massacre of Christians, from his frequent outbursts of passion. He says that Mwanga was restrained by 'our dear and ever-present Lord.' Evidence of his feelings were supplied when one day, after growling that he would not have Mackay teach his people, he took an Arab dirk, and brandishing it, said, 'Thus will I kill any Muzungu!' (white man). The queen-mother was at this time very friendly towards Mackay, and even the katikiro, his old enemy, opposed a proposal to put him to death.

Baffled in his schemes of active violence, the king had recourse to offering sacrifices to his gods, in order to 'bewitch the Christians.' Mackay could afford to smile at this, but it was an indication to him that trouble was brewing.

Matters were brought to a crisis by the news that reached Uganda of the Emin Pacha expedition, and Stanley's intention of coming to meet Mackay. One of the French priests had warned the king that if Stanley and Mackay met, they would lay their heads together to 'eat the country.' This warning, coming as it did from a white man, put the king in a great state of excitement. 'Had it come from the Arabs,' he remarked, 'he would have put it down to enmity; but coming from a white man it must be true.'

Mwanga had several conferences with his chiefs to discuss the subject. The result of their councils was a decision that Mackay should leave Uganda. During this time Mackay was much disturbed in mind. He was anxious about the future of the Mission, and unwilling to leave the country without arranging for a successor. But he felt it unwise to struggle longer against the inevitable, and resolved to wait the issue of events patiently. Writing home at this time, he says: 'The whole case I have given into the hands of our Master, whose we are. Whatever way He will lead, I am prepared to follow.'

Finally it was decided that Mackay must go, and many expressions of regret were given vent to by the chiefs. The katikiro declared himself unwilling to consent, and the king—hypocritically, we must believe — expressed his regret at Mackay's decision.

Mackay had consented to leave Uganda, but he did all in his power to prevent the Mission from breaking up. The Arabs had strongly urged that it should be entirely abandoned, but the king granted permission to leave the buildings in charge of some of the young converts. The king and his chiefs professed themselves anxious to have another missionary to take his place; and Mackay determined not to go unless a party were sent with him to the south end of the lake to bring back Mr. Gordon. This was not so easily accomplished. The Arabs, who had been delighted at the prospect of getting rid of Mackay, were wild at the thought of his place being filled by another hated white man. They tried by every means in their power to prevent this most undesirable event, but, after many delays, permission was granted, and a party made up to bring Mr. Gordon to Uganda.

At last all his arrangements were completed, and on 21st July 1887 Mackay started for Lake Nyanza. His departure was made the occasion for great demonstrations of friendship. A number of chiefs

begged parting souvenirs, and in return gave him presents in token of their goodwill. The king sent presents and a message that he was to return soon. The Christian converts were sorely troubled at the prospect of losing their friend and teacher. They feared another time of persecution as soon as Mackay had gone; but were somewhat comforted by Mackay's assurance, that he was not going back to Europe, but only to remain for some time at the south end of the lake.

The parting at the lake was a sad one, and doubtless Mackay was conscious of strange feelings stirring in his breast as he turned away from the country where he had spent nine eventful years. Great changes had passed over him since first he landed here. Then he was a mere youth, full of restless impulse urging him forward to wrest the Dark Continent from the Prince of Darkness, to lay it at the feet of his dearly-loved Lord and Master. Since then he had painfully discovered that Satan's kingdom, rooted for ages, cannot be overturned in a day; and that savages, cradled in lust and superstition, are not to be won for Christ without years of toilsome effort. During the years he had spent in Uganda he had had much to discourage him, many things to damp his ardour. But his faith had never really faltered in the ultimate triumph of the Cross, the desire to hasten that triumph had never ceased

to burn in his heart. For nine years he had toiled with unflagging energy for this end; he had lived meanly and fared coarsely, but not a murmur of regret at the ingratitude that had rewarded his efforts passed his lips, not a resentful feeling rankled in his breast.

As he stepped aboard his little vessel, he looked a grave, worn-out man. But his loyalty to Christ was as steady, his purpose to set up His kingdom in the Dark Land as firm, as when he had first stepped ashore in November 1878. Now as then his one desire was to save men, his watchword, 'Africa for Christ!'

CHAPTER XV.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS.

A fresh field for work—Sudden death of Bishop Parker and Mr. Blackburn—H. M. Stanley's Stores—Revolt in Uganda—Mwanga in trouble—Three weeks with Stanley.

EFORE following Mackay to the new station where he took up again the work temporarily interrupted by his ejection from Uganda, we must turn back and glance at Messrs. Gordon and Walker, who were now occupying his place.

Mackay had judged rightly in thinking that his absence would be the thing to bring Mwanga to his senses. He had barely left before everybody began to miss him, and wish he were back. For many years he had figured prominently in the affairs of the country. Nothing of any importance was done without his advice, and when any difficulty cropped up, it had been to the Muzungu that they had always turned for help. Now that he had actually gone

away, they discovered how foolishly they had acted in dismissing their best friend.

After working bravely and well for some months alone, Mr. Gordon was joined by Mr. Walker, and together they reaped the fruits of Mackay's years of unselfish, consecrated labour. The young church, founded in times of persecution, had not dwindled away after their teacher left them, but had grown and prospered. On all hands there was now a keen interest in Christianity. This was shown by the ready sale that Mr. Gordon had for copies of the Gospels, and by the cheering appearance of as many as two hundred at the Sunday services.

To Mr. Walker it was a wonderful sight this church in Uganda, and he thus writes home: 'Really Ashe, Mackay, and the others, have, by the grace of God, done a glorious work here. . . . It would seem a terrible disaster if anything happened to compel this Mission to be given up . . . the people seem so much in earnest. . . . We really ought, by the grace of God, to do a great work here; our predecessors have laid such a good foundation.'

When last we saw Mackay, he was stepping on board the *Eleanor* to begin his voyage to the south end of Lake Nyanza. Our next glimpse of him is at Usambiro, a vast country north of Msalala. He had met with a good many adventures in his wanderings in search of a station, but had at last fallen in with

a friendly chief. In his territory he therefore established himself, and set about the arduous work of planting a new mission station.

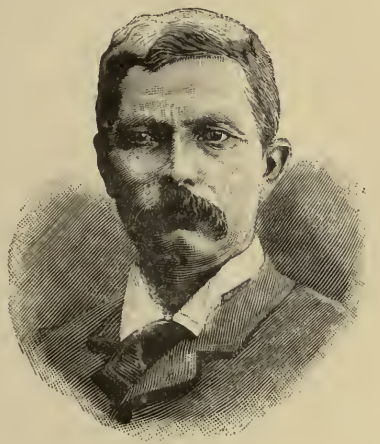
Single-handed as he was, he was cheered by the thought that a few weeks would bring a fresh batch of missionaries from England. The thought of intercourse with Christian brethren spurred him to unusual exertions, and when about Christmas they arrived, he had a house ready for them and things in some kind of order.

Bishop Parker headed the band of five men who now came to cheer Mackay's solitary life; and, to his great joy, his old friend and fellow-missionary Ashe was among the number.

A few happy weeks were spent together by the missionary band, notes were compared, work was done, plans were laid, and all looked forward with eagerness to the work opening up before them. But suddenly Bishop Parker and Mr. Blackburn were stricken down with fever, and died within a fortnight of each other. There was no time to make coffins. Wrapped simply in fine bark cloth, the second Bishop of Equatorial Africa and his fellow-labourer were buried side by side.

King Mwanga had written to Mackay, asking him to send on Mr. Walker to Uganda; another had departed to take up work at a different station; and only Ashe and Mackay were left, out of the band of

six. Shortly afterwards Mr. Ashe was compelled by bad health to return to England, and Mackay was once more left alone. Again this devoted soldier of Jesus set himself to the work of teaching, translating, printing, binding, doctoring, and building, just as he had done for so many years in Uganda. Pressed by friends writing from home urging him to take a



H. M. STANLEY.

rest, he would fain at times have yielded to their solicitations. But something always happened which seemed to make it impossible for him to leave, and his long-dreamed-of holiday seemed now as far off as ever.

To add to his responsibility, Stanley, who was now marching home from the Emin Pacha Relief Expedi-

tion, had sent on a lot of bales and boxes to be taken care of. A three days' war broke out at Usambiro, and Mackay was in terror that the relief stores would be plundered in the event of the enemy being victorious. During these three days he and his men were armed to the teeth, and prepared to defend their Mission station and property with their lives. Fortunately the enemy were defeated, and after burning several villages and killing a few men they departed, much to Mackay's relief.

Shortly after this Mackay was startled by the appearance of Gordon and Walker at Usambiro, worn out in body and sad at heart. From them he heard the startling news that Uganda was in revolt, and Mwanga deposed from his throne. From the beginning of his reign there had been secret dissatisfaction with his wholesale robberies and selfish ways. Lately he had been found out in a plot to ship his bodyguard to a desert island in the Nyanza, and leave them to die of starvation. Open revolt at once took place, a new king was elected, and Mwanga had to flee for his life, accompanied only by a few women and boys. He was now at Magu, on the south end of the lake, without stores, and dependent upon the Arabs who had fleeced him of everything.

From here he wrote a humble letter to Mackay begging his help to get back his throne, and assuring

him that he had repented of his wicked life, and was now a changed man. Mackay had not much faith in his promises of amendment, but he felt sorry for the wretched king, and wrote inviting him to Usambiro. For present needs he sent him a present of cloth and a body of men to bring him away. But Mwanga was a terrible coward, and fearing that the Arabs would pursue him he would not stir without Mackay's personal protection. Mwanga now begged of him to take him away, even if he sent him to Europe, or preferred to kill him.

Mackay saw, however, that to show any personal sympathy for the deposed king might excite the jealousy and suspicions of the chiefs of Uganda, and seriously injure the prospects of the Mission. Much as he pitied the wretched man, he could not therefore go to bring him away, but in token of his sympathy he sent two additional supplies of cloth for his wants. I may as well state here that Mwanga managed to escape to a Roman Catholic Mission station, where he professed to be converted, and was baptized by the French priests in charge. After many ups and downs, and various humiliations, he was restored to his kingdom, to find, however, that the real power had passed into the hands of the Christians, and that he himself was a king only in name. Many of the Christians who had fled

from Uganda during the revolt were now with Mackay, and helping him in his work in various ways. Mr. Walker had gone to another station, but Mr. Gordon remained to comfort Mackay by his fellowship, and assist him greatly in the regular work of the Mission.

Stanley had arrived and spent some time with Mackay. He was greatly impressed with the work that had been accomplished. Speaking of the Christians who had fled from Uganda, and were now working under Mackay, he writes: 'I take this powerful body of native Christians in the heart of Africa—who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith—as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a Mission station would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions. The stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle-bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely; and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labours.'

Of Mackay himself Stanley conceived the highest regard and admiration. In all respects he was the

ideal missionary whom he had in his mind, when he sent Mtesa's message to the people of England. He spoke of Mackay in his letters as the greatest missionary since Dr. Livingstone; and this from Stanley was highest praise.

Mackay, for his part, had always been an admirer of Stanley. More than once he had written home, defending the great explorer from the adverse criticism that was passed upon his methods by a number of people in Great Britain. A personal acquaintance with Stanley did not lessen but strengthen the esteem he had always felt for him. 'I must say,' he writes, 'that I enjoyed Mr. Stanley's company during his short stay here. He is sometimes unsparing in his criticisms on men and their actions; but being a man of strong resolution, he naturally has little patience with feebleness or vacillation in others. He is a man of iron will and sound judgment, and besides is most patient with the natives. He never allows any one of his followers to oppress or even insult a native. I am certain that he only resorted to arms when all other means failed. I much fear that those who condemn him most know him least, nor do they probably know anything of the difficulties of African travel. His officers show a fine spirit of prompt and cheerful obedience to orders.'

For three weeks Mackay enjoyed the company of

Stanley and the members of his expedition, and on the 17th September 1889 the expedition set out for England.

Stanley and his party urged Mackay to come with them, but, true to his sense of duty, with a stern fidelity which almost moves one to tears, he refused to leave his post. When some one was ready to take his place, he would gladly come home to recruit; till then he must hold the fort alone.

It is a sad picture this of Mackay bidding good-bye to Stanley and his officers. They were going back to 'European platforms and royal receptions;' he to darkest Africa and a life of privation. While they were being fêted and feasted in Great Britain, and welcomed as heroes, he would be toiling, a lonely man among savages. It was only for a little while. A little more hard work, a few more privations, and then this noble soldier of God would have his welcome home and royal reception. But it would not be in earthly courts and palaces, and before the monarchs of Europe. His triumph was awaiting him on the eternal shore, his 'well done' would be spoken in the palace of the King of kings.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAST DAYS.

Last few months of Mackay's life—A Railway wanted—First symptoms of illness—Mackay's death—News received in England—Renewed missionary efforts.

THE last few months of Mackay's life were months of exhausting toil. He had resolved to build a steam launch, and thus describes the progress of his work: 'I have been toiling at the forge and lathe, and have got our steam arrangements far on to completion. The three-cylinder engine and two steam pumps and injector stand all ready fitted for the boiler. The main boiler shell is also carefully jointed and riveted together, and so is the fire-box. But that has been a most serious job, as these years of knocking about have thrown all the shells terribly out of shape, rendering them *steely* and brittle. Many new parts had to be made, and rivets by the hundred.

It was only in spare hours that he could do this

kind of work. The regular mission routine of teaching, translating, printing, binding, and giving out medicine, filled up the best part of each day. But with mind and body thus fully occupied with duties and responsibilities around him, he yet found time to write home stirring letters setting forth Africa's claims upon Christians and the urgency of her needs.

'Eagerly I long for a strong batch of good men for the work,' he cries impetuously; and again: 'Our people are most urgent that we should plant stations all over Uganda, not merely at the capital; and no one will hinder us if we had only the men.' To save others from the hardships and loneliness that he had suffered, his idea was to plant large stations at various accessible places on the coast, well equipped, and with powers to act independently of the home committees, if occasion required. The missionary toiling in Central Africa would thus not have the feeling of isolation that proved so terrible at times. He could keep up constant intercourse with his brethren by this means, and secure their help comparatively easily in a time of need.

Another of Mackay's pet ideas was the construction of a light railway from the coast to the lake. He foresaw in this scheme carried out, a great development of Christian missions and European trading. The Arabs, with their religion and slave

trade, were the ruin of the country By a railway established, white men would find a footing, European traders would displace the Arabs, and, as a natural consequence, slavery would be banished. To-day the railway is being constructed, and Mackay's dream will soon be an accomplished fact.

When Stanley saw Mackay he was surprised to find him looking well and strong, after so many years of African climate and hard work. There were then no indications in his appearance that his life was nearing its close, and there is no reason for thinking that he himself felt any premonition of his approaching death. Although toiling every day far beyond his strength, from early morning to sunset, and sometimes working far on into the night, translating the Scriptures and writing letters, he felt in excellent health and spirits.

Mr. Deekes from the Church Missionary Society had now joined him, and he declares that till within a few days of his death he was 'as jovial and well' as he had ever known him to be. When Deekes remonstrated with him for working so hard, his reply was that the great secret of health in Africa was to keep oneself fully occupied.' But to the anxious eye of his friend, it was all too evident that, worn out in body and mind as he was, he was ill fitted to withstand the fevers with which they were constantly threatened.

His first symptom of illness was a cold in the head, caught by working at his steam boiler in a draughty shed. There was at first nothing alarming in his symptoms, and despite his cold he busied himself in making arrangements for Deekes leaving for England.

On the day fixed for Mr. Deekes' departure, he found Mackay in bed in the 'hot stage of fever.' Attached as he had become to him, Deekes could not leave Mackay alone in sickness; and so, dismissing the men who had been engaged to carry his loads, he took up his position by Mackay's side, hoping that a few days would see his fellow-missionary himself again. On the next day he was delirious. During the deliriums he talked wholly in English, and constantly asked 'if Stanley and his party were being properly entertained and made comfortable.' The fever had now assumed alarming symptoms, and Mr. Deekes feared the worst. No help could be had; and four days later, on the 8th February 1890, the brave, the devoted, missionary hero of Uganda entered the presence chamber of the King of kings.

A coffin was hastily made of the wood he had prepared for the boat, and at two o'clock on the following Sunday Mr. Deekes buried him by the shores of the Nyanza which he had loved so well. 'The Baganda Christians and the boys of the village stood around the grave, and I began to read the

burial service, but broke down with grief and weakness. The boys and the Baganda Christians sang the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and we returned to the house. Never shall I forget that day.'

The news of Mackay's death caused great grief in this country. Stanley's letters home had made everybody familiar with the brave young Scotsman, and his marvellous work in Uganda; and his death seemed something like a national loss.

During the last years of his life Mackay had been greatly vexed by the want of interest in foreign missions displayed by the Christians of Great Britain. But his death, more than anything else, perhaps, was the means of stirring up the Churches to a sense of their responsibility in the salvation of the heathen. This has been evinced in a general 'forward movement' among the large missionary societies. Many of the best students at our universities have given themselves up to foreign mission work. The Church Missionary Society propose putting one thousand new men into the field, and the London Missionary Society is sending out a hundred new missionaries. Money is being freely given for their support, and 'self-denial' of luxuries and dress has been practised by thousands in order to swell the funds.

All these things are hopeful auguries for the future.

In Africa, in China, in India, and Polynesia, and all over the world, missionaries are taking courage; renewing their enthusiasm, and redoubling their efforts. Conversions are multiplying, and gradually the Sun of Righteousness is rising on the dark places of the earth. The day is rapidly approaching when 'they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'

It is not too much to say that the life and death of ALEXANDER M. MACKAY have brought that day nearer.

THE END.

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